





T H E
Dramatick W O R K S
O F
William Shakespear.

V O L U M E VII.

Containing the Seven following PLAYS, *viz.*

- I. A WINTER'S TALE, a Tragi-Comedy.
- II. CORIOLANUS, a Tragedy.
- III. CYMBELINE, a Tragedy.
- IV. The YORKSHIRE Tragedy.
- V. Twelfth-Night; Or, what you will, a Comedy.
- VI. Much ado about Nothing, a Comedy.
- VII. All's well that ends well, a Comedy.

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, Printer of *Shakespear's*
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Head in *Turn-again-Lane, Snowhill.*

M D C C X X X V .

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MDCCLXXV.

THE
WINTER'S
TALE.

By SHAKESPEAR.



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Printed by R. WALKER at *Shakespear's Head* in *Turn-again Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's Head*, in *Change-Alley-Cornhill*.

M D C C X X X V .

I I I T

Dramatis Personæ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia.*

Mamillus, *Young Prince of Sicilia.*

Florezel, *Prince of Bohemia.*

Camillo,

Antigonus,

Cleomines,

Dion,

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.

Autolycus, *a Rogue.*

} *Sicilian Lords.*

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus.*

Mopsa,

Dorcas,

} *Shepherdesses.*

Goaler, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and Attendants.

SCENE, *partly in Sicily, and partly in Bohemia.*

The Plot taken from the old Story-book of Dorastus and Faunia.



THE WINTER'S TALE.



ACT I.

SCENE, A PALACE.

Enter Camillo, and Archidamus.

ARCHIDAMUS.



If you should chance, *Camillo*, to visit *Bohemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference, betwixt our *Bohemia* and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I think, this coming summer the King of *Sicilia* means to pay *Bohemia* the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our loves; for indeed —

Cam. 'Beseech you —

Arch. Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say — we will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses (unintelligent of our insufficiency) may, tho' they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himself over-kind to *Bohemia*; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society; their incounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, tho' absent; shook hands, as over a vast sea, and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppos'd winds. The heav'ns continue their loves.

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillus*: It is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child, one, that indeed, physicks the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Leontes*, *Hermione*, *Mamillus*, *Polixenes*, and *Camillo*.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burthen, time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother with our thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one *we thank you*, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm question'd by my fears of what may chance,

Or

The Winter's-Tale

7

Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly : besides I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One sev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then : and in
that

I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so ;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'th' world
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should now
Were there necessity in your request, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward ; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me ; my stay ;
To you a charge and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue ty'd our Queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay : you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him you are sure
All in *Bohemia's* well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd ; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong ;
But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence, I'll adventure [To *Polixenes.*
The borrow of a week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month, behind the gear
Prefix'd for's parting : yet, good heed, *Leontes* ;
I love thee not a jar o'th' clock behind
What lady she her lord. You'll stay ?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not verily.

Her. Verily?

You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: verily
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest? so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, Madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easie to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your goaler then,
Put your kind hostess; come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no nor dream'd
That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *not guilty*; th'imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her.

Her. Grace to boot :

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on,
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet ?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request he would not :

Hermione, my dearest, thou ne'er spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never ?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What ? have I twice said well ? when was't before ?

I pr'ythee tell me ; cram's with praise, and make's
As fat as tame things : one good deed, dying tongue-less,
Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages. You may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to th' goal :
My last good deed was to intreat his stay ;
What was my first ? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you : O, would her name were *Grace*.
But once before I spake to th' purpose ? when ;
Nay, let me have't ; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sowr'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thy self my love ; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis grace indeed,
Why lo you now ; I've spoke to the purpose twice ;
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband ;
Th' other, for some while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot ——— [Aside:
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me ——— my heart dances,
But not for joy ——— not joy ——— this entertainment
May a free face put on ; derives a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,

And well becomes the Agent? 't may, I grant;
 But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are, and making practis'd smiles
 As in a looking-glass ——— and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The mort o' th' deer; oh, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows ——— *Mamillus*,
 Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I fecks!

Why that's my bawcock; what? has't smutch'd thy
 nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat; nor neat, but cleanly, captain;
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd neat. Still virginalling

[*Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

Upon his palm ——— how now, you wanton calf!
 Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I
 have,

To be full like me. Yet they say we are
 Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
 That will say any thing; but were they false,
 As o'er-dy'd blacks, as winds, as waters; false
 As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
 To say this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
 Look on me with your welking eye, sweet villain.
 Most dear'st, my collop ——— can thy dam? may't be —
 Imagination! thou dost stab to th' center.
 Thou dost make possible things not to be so held,
 Communicat'st with dreams ——— how can this be
 With what's unreal? thou coactive art,
 And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent
 Thou may'st co-join with something and thou dost,
 And that beyond commission, and I find it,
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my lord?

Leo.

The Winter's-Tale.

9

Leo. What cheer? how is it with you my best brother?

Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction.

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly!

Its tenderness! and make it self a pastime

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines,

Of my boys face, methoughts I did recoil

Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous;

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,

This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. Now, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why happy man be's dole. My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we

Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,

'He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;

'Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;

'My parasite, my soldier, states-man, all;

'He makes a *July's* day short as *December*,

'And with his varying childishness cures in me

'Thoughts that should thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire

Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my lord,

And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*

How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome.

Let what is dear in *Sicily* be cheap:

Next to thy self, and my young rover, he's

Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,

We are yours i'th' garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents dispose you; you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky: I am angling now,

Tho' you perceive me not how I give line,

Go to, go to.

[*Aside, observing Her.*]

How she holds up the net! the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exe. Polix. Her. and attendants. Manent Leo. Mam. and Cam.*]

To her allowing husband. Gone already!

Inch thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.

Go play, boy, play——thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour

Will be my knell. Go play, boy, play——there have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now?

And many a man there is, even at this present,

New while I speak this, holds his wife by th' arm,

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir *Smile*, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all despair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of Mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none:

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and tis powerful: think it.

From east, west, north, and south, be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly. Know't,

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many thousand of's

Have the disease, and feel't not. How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.

What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go play *Mamillus*——thou'rt an honest man,

[*Ex. Mamil.*]

Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions made;

His business more material.

Leo. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding

Sicilia is a so-forth 'tis far gone,

When

When I shall gust it last. How cam't, *Camillo*,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queen's entreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't; good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and th' entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th' entreaties of your mistress? satisfy? —
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, *Camillo*,
With all the things nearest my heart, as well
My chamber-counsels, wherein, priest like, thou
Hast clean'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord.

Leo. To bide upon't; thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game plaid home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs, my lord.

If ever I were wilful negligent,
 It was my folly; if industriously
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
 To do a thing, where I the issue doubted;
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
 Which oft infects the wisest: thele, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
 Is never free of. But beseech your grace
 Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass
 By its own visage; If I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seen *Camillo*?
 (But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard?
 (For to a vision so apparent, rumour
 Cannot be mute) or thought (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man that does not think)
 My wife is slippery? if thou wilt confess,
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought; then say
 My wife's a hobby-horse, deserves a name
 As rank as any flax wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight: say't and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
 My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken; shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you less
 Than this, which to reiterate, were sin,
 As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty? horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? withing clocks more swift?
 Hours minutes? the noon midnight? and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
 That would unleen be wicked? is this nothing,
 Why then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
 The covering sky is nothing, *Behemia* nothing,

My

My Wife is nothing, nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion; and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is; you lye, you lye:

I say thou lye'st, *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, *Bobemia*; who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bear eyes
To see alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd; and rear'd to worship, who may't see
Plainly, as heav'n sees earth, and earth sees heav'n,
How I am gall'd, thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash portion,
But with a lingring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously, like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot:
Do'st think I am so muddy, so untettled,
To appoint my self in this vexation?
Sully the purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps:
Give scandal to the blood o' th' prince, my son,

Who

Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, Sir,
I do, and will fetch off *Bobemia* for't:
Provided that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your Queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake, and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with *Bobemia*,
And with your Queen: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all.
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

Cam. O miserable lady! but for me, [Exit.]
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master, one,
Who in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too. To do this deed
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed Kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany it self forswear't. I must
Forake the court; to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now.
Here comes *Bobemia*.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, *Camille*.

Cam.

Cam. Hail, most royal Sir.

Pol. What is the News i'th court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance;
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd, as he lov'd himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he
Wasting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what he's breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and
dare not?

Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabout:
For to your self, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complections are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
My self thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper: but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not fighted like the basilisk,
I've look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents noble names,
In whose success we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine; that thou declare

What

What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near,
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you,
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both your self and me
Cry lost, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo,

Cam. I am appointed to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't, that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoak'd with his that did betray the best:
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse than the great'st infection,
That e'er was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heav'n, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake
The fabrick of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
Your followers I will whisper to the business,

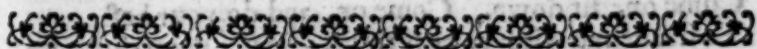
And

And will by twos, and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o'th City. For my self, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain,
For by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth:
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature; as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen, part of his theam? but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion. Come *Camilla*,
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

The SCENE Continues.

Enter Hermione, Mamillus, and Ladies.

HERMIONE.

TAke the boy to you; he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam.

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still; I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces: pray now
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 Lady. Hark ye,

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days, and then you'll wanton with us
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk, good time encounter her.

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter,
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.

Come on, sit down. Come on, and do your best,
To fright me with your sprights: you'r powerful at it.

Mam. There was a Man——

Her. Nay, come sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard: I will tell it softly:
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, and give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? histrain? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scowr so on their way; I eyld them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd
In being so blest! there may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Carni'o was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing, yea, a very trick
For them to play at will: how came the posterns
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well,
Give me the boy, I'm glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her sport her self
With that she's big with: 'tis *Polixenes*
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not;
And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to th' wayward.

Leo. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say she's a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest: honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty-brands,
That calumny doth use: oh I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will fear

Virtue it self. These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said she's goodly, come between
Ere you can say she's honest: but be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for *Leontes*. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar. I have said
She's an adulteress, I have said with whom:
More; she's a traitor, and *Camillo* is
A federary with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know her self,
But with her most vile principal; that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgar give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No, if I mistake
In these foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her to prison:
He who shall speak for her, is far off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns;
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have

That

That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The King's will be perform'd.

Leo. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beseech your high-
ness

My women may be with me, for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord,
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

Lord. 'Beseech your highness call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, lest your justice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your self, your Queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the Queen is spotless
I'th' eyes of heav'n, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwife, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her,
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peace.

Lord. Good my lord.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our selves:
You are abused by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him: be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine; and sons five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't, By mine honour

I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib my self than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease, no more:

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; I see't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty,
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have your honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we

Commune with you for this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Relish a truth like us; inform your selves,
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't
Is properly all ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age
Or thou wert born a fool. *Camillo's flight*
Added to their familiarity,
{Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to th' deed} doth push on this proceeding;
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most pitious to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,

To

To sacred *Delphos*, to *Apollo's* temple;
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
 They will bring all, whose spiritual counsel had,
 Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Tho' I am satisfy'd, and need no more
 Than what I know; yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to th' minds of others; such as he,
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to th' truth. So we have thought it good
 From our free person, she should be confin'd,
 Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,
 We are to speak in publick; for this business
 Will raise us all.

Ant. To laughter; as I take it,
 If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, A Prison.

Enter Paulina and a Gentleman.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him:

[*Exit.*]

Let him have knowledge whom I am. Good lady,
 No court in *Europe* is too good for thee;
 What dost thou then in prison: now, good Sir,
 You know me, do you not?

Re-enter Gentleman with the Goaler.

Goa. For a worthy lady,
 And one whom much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then
 Conduct me to the Queen.

Goa. I may not, madam,
 To the contrary I have express commandment.

Pau. Here's a do to lock up honesty and honour from
 Th' access of gentle visitors; Is't lawful pray you
 To see her women? any of them? *Emilia*?

Goa. So please you, madam,
 To put a-part these your attendants, I
 Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray you now call her:
 Withdraw yourselves.

Goa. And madam,

I must be present at your conference.

Pau. Well; be it so pr'ythee.

Enter Emilia.

Here's such a-do to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater;
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't. Says, my poor prisoner,
I'm innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be sworn:

These dangerous, unsafe lunses i'th' Kings! obelshrew
them.

He must be told of it, and shall; the office

Becomes a woman best. I'll take't upon me,

If I prove Honey-moond, let my tongue blister;

And never to my red-look'd anger be

The Trumpet any more. Pray you, *Emilia*,

Commend my best obedience to the Queen,

If she dares trust me with her little babe,

I'll shew't the King, and undertake to be

Her advocate to th' loud'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o'th' child:

The silence often of pure innocence

Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,

Your honour and your goodness is so evident,

That your free undertaking cannot miss

An thriving issue: there is no lady living

So meet for this great errand. Please you ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently

But durst not tempt a minister of honour,

Lest she should be deny'd.

Pau. Tell her, *Emilia*,

I'll use that tongue I have; if wit flow from't

As boldness from my bosom, let't not be doubted

I shall do good.

Emil.

Emil. Now be you blest for it.
I'll to the Queen: please you come something nearer.

Goa. Madam, if't please the Queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Pau. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd, not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the Queen.

Goa. I do believe it.

Pau. Do not you fear; upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exit.]

S C E N E, The Palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords and other Attendants.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest; it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; meer weakness, if
The cause were not in being; part o'th' cause,
She, the adulteress; for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord.

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tishop'd
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely;
See how he fares. Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoyl upon me; in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve. For present vengeance
Take it on her. *Camillo and Polixenes*

B

Laught

Laught at me, make their pastime at my sorrow?
 They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
 Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina with a child.

Lord. You must not no enter.

Pau. Nay, rather; good my lords, be second to me:
 Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
 Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
 More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

Atten. Madam, she hath not slept to-night; com-
 manded

None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot, good Sir,
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you
 That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
 At each his needless heavings; such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
 Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
 Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
 That presses him from sleep,

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Pau. No noise, my lord, but needful conference,
 About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How?
 Away with that audacious lady. *Antigonus,*
 I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
 I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
 She should not visit you.

Leo. What! can't not rule her?

Pau. From all dishonesty he can; in this,
 Unless he take the course that you have done,
 Commit me, for committing honour, trust it,
 He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo' you now, your hear,
 When she will take the rein, I let her run,
 But she'll not stumble.

Pau. Good my liege, I come —
 And I beseech you hear me, who profess
 My self your loyal servant, your Physician, Your

Your most obedient counsellor : you that dares
Lesse appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seems, yours. I say, I come
From your good Queer.

Leo. Good Queen?

Pau. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I say good Queen?
And would by combat make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me : on mine own accord I'll off,
But first, I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*]

Leo. Out?

A mankind with ! hence witch her out o' door :
A most intelligencing bawd.

Pau. Not so,

I am as ignorant in that as you,
In so intit'ling me ; and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out ? give her the bastard [To Ant.]
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd ; unrooted
By thy dame *Partlet* here. Take up the bastard,
Take't up, I say giv't to thy groan.

Pau. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Take'st up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't.

Leo. He dreads his wife.

Pau. So I would you did : then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traytors !

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I ; nor any

But one that's here ; and that's himself. For he,
The sacred honour of himself, his Queen's
His hopeful son's, his babe's betrays to slander,

Whose sting is sharper than the swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or stone was found.

Leo. A callat

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me. This brat is none of mine,
It is the issue of *Polixenes*.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Pau. It is yours;

And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his smiles,
The very mold and frame of hand, nail, finger,
And thou good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leo. A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your self
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Pau. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Pau. I care not;

It is an heretick that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accusation,
I than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something favours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea scandalous to all the world.

Leo.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Pau. I pray you do not push me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord, 'tis yours; *Jeve* send her
A better guiding spirit. What need these hands?
You that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell, we are gone. [Exit.]

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this?
My child? away with't. Even thou that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up strait:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so:
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out: go take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st it on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir;
The lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lords. We can, my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're lyars all.

Lords. Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We've always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg
(As recompence of our dear services
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live:
It shall not neither. You Sir, come you hither;

[To Antigonus.]

You that have been so tenderly officious

With lady *Margery*, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life; (for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey) what will you adventure
To save this brat's life;

Ant. Any thing my lord.
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible; I swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; feest thou? for the fall
Of any Point in't shall not only be
Death to thy self, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without much mercy; to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this: tho' a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe!
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses. Wolves and bears, they say,
(Casting their savageness aside) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require; and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing condemn'd to loss. *[Exit with the child.]*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to th' oracle, are come.

An hour since. *Cleomines* and *Dion*

Being well arriv'd from *Delphos*, are both landed,

Hasting

Hasting to th' court.

Lord. So please you, Sir, their speed
Hath been beyond accounts.

Leo. Twenty three days
They have been absent: this good speed foretels

The great *Apollo* suddenly will have

The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords,

Summon a session, that we may arraign

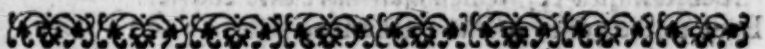
Our most disloyal lady; for as she hath

Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have

A just and open tryal. While she lives

My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaveme

And think upon my bidding. [Exeunt:



A C T III.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

CLEOMINES.

THE climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits.
Methinks I should so term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O the sacrifice:
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'th' offering!

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o'th' oracle,
Kin to *Jov's* thunder, so surpriz'd my sense
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as successful to the Queen (O be't so)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy;
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*,
Turn all to th' best! these proclamations,
So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it

Will clear, or end the business, when the oracle,
Thus by *Apollo's* great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover: something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go; fresh horses,
And gracious be the issue. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E. Sicily.

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers, Hermione as to her trial,
with Paulina and ladies.*

Leo. This sessions to our great grief, we pronounce
Ev'n pushes 'gainst our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd; let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course.
Even to the guilt, or the purgation,
I produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness's pleasure, that the Queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Leo. Read the indictment.

Offi. *Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high trea-
son, in committing adultery with Polixenes King of Bo-
hemia, and conspiring with Camillota to take away the life
of our sovereign lord the King, thy royal husband; the pre-
sence whereof being by circumstances partly laid upon, thou
Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true
subject, didst counsel and aid them for their better safety,
to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
Testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from my self, it shall scarce boot me
To say not guilty: mine integrity
Being counted falshood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusations blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more

Than

Than history can pattern, tho' devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne: a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, Sir, before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrant I
Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave.

Leo. I ne'er heard yet
That any of those bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough,
Tho' 'tis a saying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
What comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*,
With whom I accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love even such,
So and no other, as your self commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friends: whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, tho' it be dish'd
For me to try how, all I know of it,

Is that *Camillo* was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure; as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not;
My life stand in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams.
You had a bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: as you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to it self;
No father owning it, (which is indeed
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with I seek:
To me can life be no commodity,
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost, for I do feel it gone,
But, know not how it went. My second joy,
The first fruits of my body, from his presence
I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast
(The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; my self on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege deny'd which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got strength of limbs. And now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free: if I should be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else.
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you

'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomines.

Liod. This your request
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,
And in *Apollo's* name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of *Russia* was my father;
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's tryal; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Officer. You hear shall swear upon the sword of justice,
That you, *Cleomines* and *Dion*, have
Been both at *Delpbos*, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great *Apollo's* priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals and read.

Offi. *Hermione* is chaste, *Polexenes* blameless, *Camillo* a true subject, *Leontes* a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten, and the King shall live without an heir, if that which is left be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Praised.

Leo. Hast thou read the truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord, even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all in'th' oracle;
The session shall proceed; this is meer falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the King, the King.

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The prince your son, with meer conceit and fear
Of the Queen's speed, is gone.

Leo. How gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the heav'ns themselves
Do strike at my injustice. How now there?

[*Her. faints.*
Pau.

Pau. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.

[*Exeunt Paulina and ladies with Hermione.*]

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. *Ap. llo,* pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle.

I'll reconcile me to *Pelixenes*,

Now woo my Queen, recall the good *Camillo*

(Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy)

For being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend *Pelixenes* which had been done

But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied

My swift command; tho' I with death, and with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done; he (most humane,

And fill'd with honour) to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

Enter Paulina.

Pau. Woe the whiles

O cut my lace lest my heart, cracking it,

Break too.

Lerd. What fit is this, good lady?

Pau. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?

burning

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture

Must I receive? whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst. I thy tyranny

Together working with thy jealousies,

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

For girls of nine! O think what they have done,

And then run mad indeed; stark mad; for all

Thy

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
 That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good *Camillo's* honour,
 To have him kill a King: poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by; whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
 To be, or none, or little; tho' a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
 That could conceive a gross and foolish fire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no;
 Laid to thy answer; but the last: O lords,
 When I have said, cry woe, the Queen, the Queen,
 The sweetest dearest creature's dead; and vengeance
 for't

Not drop down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid.

Pau. I say she's dead: I'll swear't: if word or oath
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the Gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
 'Dost not repent these things, for they are heavier
 'Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
 'To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 'Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 'Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 'In storm perpetual, could not move the Gods
 'To look that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou can'st not speak too much, I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I'th boldness of your speech.

Pau. I'm sorry for't.

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them
 I do repent: alas, I have shew'd too much

The

The rashness of a woman; he is touch'd)
 To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past help
 Should be past grief. Do not receive affliction
 At my petition, I beseech you; rather
 Let me be punish'd that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal Sir, forgive a foolish woman
 The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again—
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children:
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too. Take you your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth; which I receive much better
 Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee bring me
 To the dead bodies of my Queen and son,
 One grave shall be for both. Upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear unto
 Our shame perpetual; once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
 Shall be my recreation. So long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
 To these sorrows. [Exeunt.]

*Changes to Bohemia. A desert Country; the Sea at a
 little distance.*

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
 The desarts of *Bohemia*?

Mar. Ay, my lord, and fear
 We've landed in ill-time: the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heav'n's with that we have in hand are angry.
 And frown upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done; get thee aboard,
 Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
 Too far i'th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather:
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away,

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be so rid o'th' business. [Exit.]

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o'th' dead
May walk again; if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes,
Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe,
Is counted lost for ever and ever, *Perdita*.
I pry thee call't. For this ungentle business
Put on thee, by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife *Paulina* more. And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my self, and thought,
This was, so, and no slumber: dreams are toys,
Yet, for this once, yea superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King *Polixenes*, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of it's right father. Blossom, speed thee well,

[Laying down the Child.]

There lie, and there thy character: there these,
Which may if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty
one,
And still rest thine. The storm begins; poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow. Weep I cannot,

But

But my heart bleeds: and most accurst am I:
 To be by oath enjoind to this. Farewel.
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough: I never saw
 The heav'ns so dim by day. [A savage clamour!
 Well may I get aboard: this is the chace,
 I am gone for ever. *[Exit pursued by a bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting——bark you now——would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty hunt this weather? They have fear'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master; if any where I have them, 'tis by the seaside, brousing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will, what have we here? *[Taking up the child]* Mercy on's, a barme! a very pretty barme! a boy or a child, I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one, sure some 'scape: tho' I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the 'scape. This has been some flair-work, some trunk-work, some behind door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry 'till my son come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa.

Enter a Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What, art so near? if thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such fights by sea and by land; but I am not to say it is at sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shoar; but that's not to the point; oh the most piteous cry of the poor souls, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallow'd

swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cry'd to me for help, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it. But first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them. And how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Sb p. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not winked since I saw these sights, the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Sbep. Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side, to have help'd her, there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Sbep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thy self; thou meet'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; so, let's see; it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling; open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man: if the sins of your youth were forgiven, you're well to live. Gold, all gold.

Sbep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so. Up with it, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Sbep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clo. Marry will I, and you shall help to put him i'th' ground.

Sbep.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Enter Time. The Chorus.

T I M E,

I That please some, try all, both joy and terror,
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my Wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap? since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witness to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale,
The glistering of this present; as my tale
Now seems to it, your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between. *Leontes* leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair *Bohemia*, and remember well,
I mention her a son o'th' King's, whom *Florizel*
I now name to you, and with speed so pace
To speak of *Perdita*, now grown in grace
Equal with wandering. What of her ensues
I list not prophesie. But let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's
daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Isth' argument of time; of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,

He

He wishes earnestly you never may.

[Exit.

Court of Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good *Camillo*, be no more importunate; 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country; though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King, my master, hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, *Camillo*, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the deed I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thy self, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot; to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country *Sicilia*, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled King my brother, whose loss of his most precious Queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince *Floriel* my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them; when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince, what his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (mistakenly noted), he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, *Camillo*, and with some care so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very
nothing,

nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of *Sicilia*.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves. [*Ex.*

S C E N E The Country.

Enter Autolycus singing.

When daffidils begin to peere

With hey the doxy over the dale,

Why then in comes in the sweet o'th' year:

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,

With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:

Doth set my pugging tooth an edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a King.

*The lark with *tirra lyra* chaunts,*

With hey, with hey, the thrush and the jay:

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince *Florizel*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget,

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linnen. My father nam'd me *Autolycus*, who being,

The Winter's-Tale.

43

being, as I am, litter'd under *Mercury*, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: with die and drab, I purchas'd this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the high-way, beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see, every eleven weather tods, every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*

Clo. I cannot do't without compters. Let me see, what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? three pound of sugar, five pound of currants, rice—— what will this sister of mine do with rice? but my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers; three-man song-men all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bales; but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden-pies, mace—— dates—— none—— that's out of my note: nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many raisins o'th' sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I'th name of me——

Aut. Oh help me, help me: pluck but off these rags, and then death, death.——

Clo. Alack, poor soul, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, Sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Ch. What, by a horse-man, or a footman?

Aut

Aut. A foot-man, sweet Sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he has left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand..

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good Sir, softly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet Sir; no, I beseech you, Sir; I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, Sir, I know this man well, he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and having flown over many knayish professions, he settled only in a rogue; some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig; he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into his apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bobemia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut.

Aut. I must confess to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way, and that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good fac'd Sir; no, sweet Sir.

Clo. Then farewell, I must go to buy spices for our sheep shearing.

[Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet Sir, Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrol'd, and my name put into the book of virtue.

S O N G.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily bent the stile-a.

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a.

[Exit.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you Does give a life, no shepherdess but *Flora*, Peering in *April's* front. This your sheep-shearing Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extreams it not becomes me: Oh pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark o'th' land, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; sworn I think, To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bleis the time When my good falcon made her flight a-cross Thy father's ground.

Per. Now *Jove* afford you cause; To me the difference forges dread, your greatness

Hath

Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
 - To think your father, by some accident,
 Should pass this way, as you did: oh the fates!
 How would he look to see his work, so noble,
 Wisely bound up! what would he say! or how
 Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold
 The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity: the Gods themselves
 Humbling their deities to love, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them. *Jupiter*
 Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green *Neptune*
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I am now. Their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
 Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
 Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but dear Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by th' power o'th' King.
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak, that you must change this pur-
 pose,
 Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest *Perdita*,

With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee darken not
 The mirth o'th' feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's. For I cannot be
 Mine own, or any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Tho' destiny say no. Be merry, gentle,
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are comig:
 Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
 Stand you suspicious.

Enter

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants,
with Polixenes and Camillo disguis'd.*

Flo. See, your guests approach;
Address your self to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here
At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour: and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting; pray you bid
These unknown friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make us better friends, more unknown.
Come quench your blushes, and present your self
That which you are, mistress o' th' feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, welcome.

[*To. Pol. and Cam.*

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostesship o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me those flowers there, *Dorcas*. Reverend Sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
And welcome to our shearing.

Pol. Shepherdess,

A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Nor yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' th' season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which in their pideness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be,
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so over that art,
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes: you see, sweet Maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of noble race. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art it self is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more than were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,
The mary-gold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
And with him rises, weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out alas;
You'd be so lean, that blasts of *January*
Would blow you through and through. Now my fairest
friends,

I would I had some flowers o' th' spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours.
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maiden-heads growing: O *Pr. serpina*,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From *Dis's* waggon! daffadils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of *March* with beauty, violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath; pale primroses,

That

That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright *Phæbus* in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lillies of all kinds;
The flower-de-lis being one. O these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a coarse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a coarse; or if, not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers,
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function. Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O *Doricles*,

Your praises are too large; but that your youth
And the true blood which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my *Doricles*,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray;
Your hand, my *Perdita*; so turtles pair
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-Born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward? nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than her self,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth she is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Der. *Mopsa* must be your mistress; marry garlick to
mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
come strike up.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth; he says he loves my daughter,
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to chuse
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, tho' I report it
That should be silent; if young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you; he sings
several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens ears grow
to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in;
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful mat-
ter merrily set down; or a very pleasant thing indeed
and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes;
no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he
has the prettiest love-songs for maids, so without
bawdry, (which is strange) with such delicate burthens
of dildos and sapings: jump her and thump her:
and

and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, slights him, with *Whop, do me no harm, good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i'th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in *Bohemia* can learnedly handle, tho' they come to him by the gross; inkles, cad-disses, cambricks, lawns; why he sings 'em over, as they were gods and goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous word's in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother; or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow,

Cyprus black as e'er was crow;

Gloves as sweet as damask roses,

Mask for faces and for noses;

Bugle-bracelets, neck-lace amber.

Perfume for a lady's chamber.

Golden quoifs, and stomachers,

For my lads to give their dears:

Pins, and poaking sticks of steel,

What maids lack from head to heel:

Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,

Buy lads, or else your lasses cry: come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Der. He hath promis'd you more than that or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should hear their faces? is there not milking time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done: come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my mony?

Aut. And indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad, therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, Sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some, I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty mony-bags at a burthen, and how she long'd to eat adders heads, and toads carhonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Der. Bleis me from marrying a usurer.

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't; one mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. V. hy should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on *Wednesday* the fourscore of *April*, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Der.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices hands at it; and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Cl. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man; there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mp. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part; thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part, you must know 'tis my occupation; have at it with you.

S O N G.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go.

Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. O whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too, let me go thither:

Mop. Or thou goe'st to th' grange, or will,

Dor. If to either thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be.

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say whither?

Cl. We'll have this song out anon by our selves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both: pedlar, let's have the first choice; follow me girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

S O N G.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head

Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st where-a?

*Come to the pedler, mony's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.*

[*Ex. Clown; Autolicus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.
Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, and three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves saltiers, and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gally-mastry of gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away; we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: 'pray let's see these four-threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' square.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in, but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter. Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them, He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd, Your heart is full of something that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And banded love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks: I would have ranlack'd The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance: you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your last Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were-straited For a reply at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know She prizes not such trifles as these are; The gifts she looks from me, are packt and lockt Up in my heart which I have given already, But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my life

Before

Before this ancient Sir, who it should seem
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or *Ethiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I've put you out;
But to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge:
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her imploy them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well, no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a-while; 'beseech you,
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father

Is at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and alt'ring rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing
But what he did, being childish?

Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should chuse himself a wife, but as good reason
The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[discovering himself,

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a scepter's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traytor,
I'm sorry that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know

The

The Winter's-Tale.

59

The royal fool thou coap'st with ———

Shep. Oh my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than *Deucalion* off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl for this time,
Tho' full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, enchantment,
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [Exit.]

Per. Even here undone:

I was not much afraid; for once or twice
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone?

[To Flor.]

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why how now, father?

Speak e'er thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir, [To Flor.]
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
Tha thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch!

[To Perdita.]

That

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

To die when I desire. [Exit.]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;

More straining on for plucking back; not following

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech, which I do guess

You do not purpose to him; and as hardly

Will he endure your fight, as yet I fear;

Then 'till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think *Camillo*.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?

How often said, my dignity would last

But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith, and then

Let nature crush the sides o'th' earth together,

And mar the seeds within. Lift up thy looks!

From my succession wipe me, father, I

Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy, if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, Sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. *Camillo*,

Not for *Bobemia*, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or

The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

In unknown sadoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as in faith I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; let my self and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore?
And most opportune to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, *Perdita*,
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight; now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear *Sicilia*,
And that unhappy King, my master, whom
I so much-thirst to see. [*Aside.*

Flo. Now, good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i'th' love
That I have born your father.

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the King,
And through him, what's nearest to him, which
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness, where you may

Enjoy

Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heav'n's forefend) your ruin. Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontented father I'll strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, *Camillo*,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And after that trust to thee?

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight; make for *Sicilia*,
And there present yourself, and your fair princess
(For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i'th' father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess, o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindness, and his kindness: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts, Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three I'll write you down,
The which shall point you forth at every fitting,
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be: besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your fathers's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i'th' rear of our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this.
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita* ———
But oh, the thorns we stand upon! *Camillo*,
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house: how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* son,
Nor shall appear in *Sicily* ———

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes,
Do all ye there: It shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, Sir,
That you may know you shall not want; one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool honesty is! and trust,
his

his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, browch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shooe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my pack from fastning: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I saw whose Purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My good clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches song, that he would not stir his pertitoes 'till he had both tune and words, which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless, 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse live in the whole army.

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there, so soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flor. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*.

Cam. Shall satisfie your father.

Per. Happy be you:

All that you speak shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

We'll make an instrument of this; omit Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow,

Why shak'st thou so? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's no body will steal that from thee; yet for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore discase thee instantly, (thou must think there's a necessity in't) and change garments

garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir; I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee dispatch: the gentleman is half dead already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? I smell the trick on't.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy
Come home to ye,) you must retire your self
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me Son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat;
Come, lady, come: farewell my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be to tell the King

[*Aside*]

Of this escape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review *Sicilia*; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us,

Thus we set on, *Camillo*, to th' sea side. [Ex. *Flor.* & *Per.*

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exit.*]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have
an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is ne-

cessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for th' other senses, I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure the Gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the King withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside, here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Cl. See, see; what a man you are now, there is no other way but to tell the King she is a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Cl. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Cl. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her; this being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the King's brother-in-law.

Cl. Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know not how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely, puppies.

[*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the sight of my master.

Cl. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Tho' I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes

times by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. How now rustiques, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, and it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lye; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lye, but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel, therefore they do not give us the lye.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your self with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? think'st thou, for that I insinuate or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will either push on, or push back thy business there, whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheasant cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomly.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there; what's i'th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep.

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel and box, which none must know but the King, and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace, he is gone aboard a new ship, to purge melancholy, and air himself; for if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, Sir, about his son that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are german to him, tho' remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman; which, tho' it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! some say he should be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw out throne into a sheep-coat! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, Sir; do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be slay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest, then stand 'till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with *Aqua-vita*, or some other hot infusion; then raw as he is, (and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims) shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly-rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the King; being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalf; and if it be in man, besides

besides the King, to effect your suits, here is a man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember ston'd and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you, Sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Clo. Ay, Sir.

Aut. You'll give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, Sir; but tho' my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh that's the case of the shepherd's son; hang him he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we must to the King, and shew our strange sights; he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister, we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd, and remain, as he says, your pawn 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you, walk before toward the seaside, go on the right hand, I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say even bless'd.

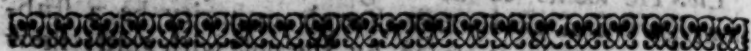
Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shep. and Clown*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth, I am courted now with a double occasion: gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him; if he think fit to shoar them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being so far officious, for I am proof against that title, and what shame else

else belongs to't: to him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[Exit.



ACT V.

SCENE Changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulin, and Servants.

CLEOMINES.

SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint like sorrow; no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence, than done trespass. At the last
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive your self.

Leo. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did my self; which was so much
That heir-less it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Pau. Too true, my lord,
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from them all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman; she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so, but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoke a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Pau. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most-sovereign name; consider little,

What

What dangers (by his highness' fail of issue)
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoyce the former Queen is well?
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Pau. There is none worthy.
(Respecting her that's gone;) besides, the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes
For has not the divine *Apollo* laid,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my *Antigonus* to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heav'ns be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for issue,
The crown will find an heir. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' worthiest; to his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memory of *Hermione*
I know in honour: O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel; then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips!

Pau. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such wives, therefore no wife; one worse
And better us'd would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corps, and on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Pau. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Jau.

Pau. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her; then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals: fear thou no wife:
I'll have no wife, *Paulina.*

Pau. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never *Paulina*, so be bless'd my spirit.

Pau. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Pau. Unless another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam, pray have done.

Pau. Yet, if my lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a Queen; she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first Queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Pau. That
Shall be, when your first Queen's again in breath:
Never till then. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. One that gives himself out prince *Florizel*,
Son of *Polixenes*, with his Princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld (desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness; his approach
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, forc'd
By need and accident. What train?

Ser. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Ser. Yes; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Pau. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present time doth boast it self
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your self
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; she had not been,
Nor was she to be equal'd; thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once, 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Pau. How! not women?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man: men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, *Clemines*;
Your self (assisted with your honour'd friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us. [Exit Cleo.]

Pau. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not a full month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.
Your Mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your fair princess: Goddess, oh! alas!
I lost a couple, that twixt heav'n and earth

Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You gracious couple do; and then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too of your brave father, whom
 (I ho' bearing misery) I desire my life
 Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command

Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a King, as friend
 Can send his brother; and but infirmity,
 Which waits upon worn times, hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you, whom he loves,
 He bad me say so, more than all the scepters,
 And those that bear them living.

Leo. Oh my brother!

Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
 Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as Interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearful usage
 (At least ungentle) of the dreadful *Neptune*,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains, much less
 Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
 She came from *Libya*.

Leo. Where the warlike *Smalus*,
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal Sir,
 From thence; from him, whose daughter
 His tears proclaim'd his parting with her; thence
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your highness; my best train
 I have from your *Sicilian* shores dismiss'd,
 Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signify
 Not only my success in *Libya*, Sir,
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
 Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you

Do

Do climate here; you have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin,
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble Sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great Sir,
Bobemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
His dignity and duty both cast off,
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bobemia*? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him.
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my Message: to your court
Whilst he was hasting in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. *Camillo* has betray'd me,
Whose honour, and whole honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge;
He's with the King your father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo*, Sir, I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake; they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bobemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Per. Oh my poor father,
The heaven which sets spies on us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

D 2

Flo.

Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first;
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorrow you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flr. Dear, look up;
Though *Fortune*, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, Sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Pau. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look'd on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, Sir, were you present at this relation?

Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found
it; whereupon, after a little amazement, we were all
commanded out of the chamber; only this me thought,
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the King and *Camillo*, were very notes of admiration; they seem'd almost, with staring one on another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as it they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd; a notable passion of wonder appear'd in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if th' importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more: the news, *Rogero*.

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter another Gentleman

Here comes the lady *Paulina's* steward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion; has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen *Hermione*; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding; and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you see the meeting on the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caking up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap

out of himself, for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old shepherd, who stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many Kings reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What pray you became of *Antigonus*, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matters to rehearse, tho' credit be asleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence, which seems much to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that *Paulina* knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrackt the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd! so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water, though not the fish, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King, how attentiveness wounded his daughter, 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas*, I would fain say, bleed tears; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen't, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of *Paulina*, a piece

many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare *Italian* master, *Julio Romano*, who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to *Hermione* hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

2 *Gent.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifts to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

Aut. Now, had not I the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-sord of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clow. You are well met, Sir; you denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born; see you these cloaths? say you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentleman born. Give me the lye; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clow. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clow. So you have; but I was a gentleman born be-

fore my father; for the King's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince my brother, and the princess my sister call'd my father, father, and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince, my master.

Shep. Pry thee son do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, and it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in *Bobemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes our kindred are going to see the Queen's picture. Come follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

[Exeunt.]

Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo.

Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

Pau. What, Sovereign Sir,

I did not well, I meant well; all my services

You have paid home. But that you have vouchsafed,

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble, but we came
To see the statue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we past through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Pau. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness I do well believe
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely, apart. But here it is; prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death; behold, and say 'tis well.

[Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione
standing like a statue.

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder: But yet speak, first you; my life,
Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Per. Oh, not by much.

Pau. So much the more our carver's excellence,
Which let's go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood;
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd; does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? Oh royal piece;
There's magick in thy majesty, which has

My

My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing. *Lady.*
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Pau. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd: the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd it itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Pau. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I'd not have shew'd you it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Pau. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that methinks already
What was he that did make it? see, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd; and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done!
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't.
As we were mock'd with art.

Pau. I'll draw the curtain,
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone. *Pau.*

Pau. I'm sorry, Sir, I have thus far stir'd you; but I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do *Paulina*; For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort. Still methinks, There is an air comes from her. What fine chizel Could ever yet cut breath? let no man mock me, For I will kiss her.

Pau. Good my lord forbear; The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; You'll marr it, if you kiss it; stain your own With oily painting; shall I draw the curtain?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I Stand by a looker on.

Pau. Either forbear, Quit presently the chappel, or resolve you For more amazement; if you can behold it, I'll make the statue move indeed; descend, And take you by the hand; but then you'll think, Which I protest against, I am assisted By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do, I am content to look on; what to speak, I am content to hear; for 'tis as easie To make her speak, as move.

Pau. It is requir'd You do awake your faith, then all stand still; And those that think it is unlawful business I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed; No foot shall stir.

Pau. Musick; awake her: Strike, 'Tis time, descend; be stone no more; approach, Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come, I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay come away, Bequeath to death your dumbness; for from him Dear life redeems you; you perceive she stirs,

[*Hermione comes down.*

Start not, her actions shall be holy; as You hear my spell is lawful; do not shun her, Untill you see her die again, for then You kill her double. Nay, present your hands; When

When she was young, you woo'd her ; now in age,
Is she become the sutor.

Leo. Oh she's warm.

(Embracing her.)

If this be magick let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck,
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead ?

Pau. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears she lives,
Tho' yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing ; turn good lady,
Our Perdita is found.

[Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Herm.]

Herm. You Gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head ; tell me mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ? how found
Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing my Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My self, to see the issue.

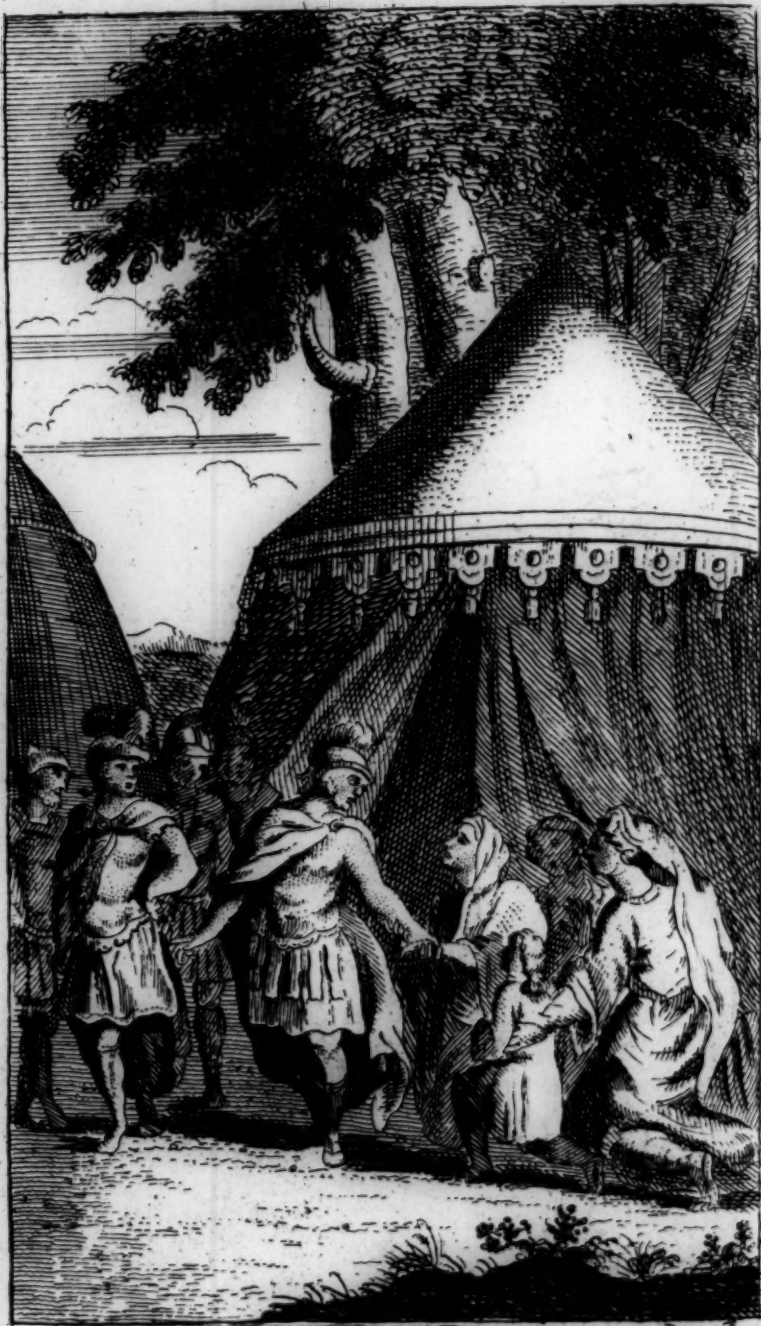
Pau. There's time enough for that ;
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together
You precious winners all, your exultation
Partake to every one ; I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina !
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand ; whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted ; and here justified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What ? look upon my brother : both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion : this your son-in-law,
And son unto the King, --- whom heav'n's directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away.

(Exeunt omnes.)

F I N I S.





CORIO LANUS.

TRAGEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*,
next the *White-Horse-Inn* in *Fleet-Street*.

M.DCC.XXXV.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

CAIUS Martius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman hated by the common people.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians, and*
Cominius, } *friends to Coriolanus.*

Meneius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the people, and enemies to*

Junius Brutus, } *Coriolanus.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Martius, son to Coriolanus.

W O M E N.

Volumnia, *mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *friend to Virgilia.*

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other
Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in ROME, and partly
in the Territory of the VOLSCIANS.*

*The whole History exactly follow'd, and many
of the principal Speeches copy'd from the
Life of Coriolanus in Plutarch.*



C O R I O -



CORIOLANUS.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with
staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 Citizen.



BEFORE we proceed any further,
hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

*1 Cit. You are resolv'd rather to die
than to famish?*

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

*1 Cit. First, you know, Caius Martius is the chief
enemy to the people.*

All. We know't.

*1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our
own price. Is't a verdict?*

*All. No more talking on't, let it be done, away,
away.*

2 Cit. One word, good citizens.

*1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the Patri-
tians good; what authority surfeits on would re-
lieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity,
while it were wholesome, we might guess they re-
lieved us humanly: but they think we are too dear!
the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery,
is as an inventory to particularize their abundance;
our sufferance is as a gain to them. Let us revenge
this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the*

A 2

G. 1.

Gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against *Caius Martius*?

All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well: and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you must in no way say he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition.

[*Shouts within.*
What shouts are those? the other side o'th' city is risen, why stay we prating here? to the Capitol --

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft ---- who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough, would all the rest were so.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you with your bats and clubs? the matter -- speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate, they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds: they say, poor suiters have strong breaths, they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you : for your wants, Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the *Roman* state ; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong links asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians, make it ; and Your knees to them, nor arms must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither, where more attends you ; and you slander The helms o'th' state, who care for you, like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us ! ----- true indeed, they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain : make edicts for usury, to support usurers ; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will, and that's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it, But since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well, I'd hear it, Sir --- yet you must not think To fob off our disgrace with a tale : But, and't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it, --- That only like a gulf it did remain I'th' midst o'th' body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing Like labour with the rest ; where th' other instruments Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd --

2 Cit. Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus --
(For look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly,
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you ---

2 Cit. Your belly's answer --- what
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they ---

Men. What then? --- for me this fellow speaks.
What then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd;
Who is the sink o' th' body ---

Men. Well, --- what then?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a mall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's answer;

2 Cit. Y'are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash, like his accusers, and thus answer'd;
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood
Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o' th' brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man;
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency

Whereby

Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
 You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark me--
 2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
 And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer --- how apply you this?

Men. The senators of *Rome* are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members; for examine
 Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly
 Touching the weal o'th' common, you shall find
 No publick benefit which you receive,
 But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves. What do you think?
 You, the great toe of this assembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost:
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
 Lead'st first to win some vantage,
 But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battel:
 The one side must have bail.

SCENE III.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hail, noble *Martius*!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious
 rogues?

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
 Make yourselves scabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word. (*flatter*

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
 Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,
 That like not peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
 Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
 Where foxes, & these you are: no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye-- trust ye!
 With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call him noble that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in the several places of the city
 You cry against the noble Senate, who
 (Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another? what's their seeking?

Men For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
 The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they say!--
 They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
 What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
 give out
 Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shooes. They say there's grain
 enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Men. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em,
 They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs;
That hunger broke stone-walls --- that dogs must eat, ---
That meat was made for mouths --- that the Gods sent not
Corn not for rich men only --- With these shreds (swear'd,
 They vented their complainings: which being an-
 And a petition granted them, a straw one,
 To break the heart of generosity, (caps
 And make bold power look pale; they threw their
 As

As they would hang them on the horns o'th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not --- s'death,
The rabble should have first unrooft the city
Ere so prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth great themes
For insurrections arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home, you fragments.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Martius*?

Mar. Here --- what's the matter?

Mes. The news is, Sir, the *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall have means to

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders --- (vent

SCENE IV.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Janius Brutus, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

1 Sen. Martius, 'tis true, that you have lately told
The *Volscians* are in arms. (us,

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together? (he

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' Face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit.

Tit. No, *Caius Martius*,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other ;
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O true bred !

1 Sen. Your company to th' Capitol ; where I know
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on ;
Follow *Cominius*, we must follow you,
Right worthy your priority..

Com. Noble *Martius*.

1 Sen. Hence to your homes --- be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Let them follow,
The *Volsians* have much corn : take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts forth ; pray follow. [*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this *Martius* ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people--

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts,

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon. [*Gods---*

Bru. The present wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon ; but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius* !

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first ; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius* : Oh, if he
Had borne the business ----

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on *Martius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru.

Br. Come; half all *Cominius'* honours are to *Martius*,
Though *Martius* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Br. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

Whatever hath been thought on in this state
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention; 'tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence -- these are the words -- I think
I have the letter here, yes --- here it is;
They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west; the dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant *Roman*,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent -- most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but *Rome* was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatch-
It seem'd appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery, (ing
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns, ere (almost) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your commission, bid you to your bands,

Let

Let us alone to guard *Corioli*,
 If they set down before's; for the remove
 Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
 They are not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
 I speak from certainties, Nay more,
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keep your honours safe.

1 Sen. Farewel.

2 Sen. Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, they sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. Pray you, daughter, sing, or express your self, in a more comfortable Sort: If my son were my husband, I would freelier rejoyce in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embraces of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked, all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings enreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding. I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang no more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam, how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons each in my love a-like

alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you give me leave to retire my self.

Vol. Indeed, thou shalt not :

Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum :

I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair :

Methinks, I see him stamp thus----and call thus----

(As children from a bear) the *Volses* shunning him :

Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear

Though you were born in *Rome* ; his bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes

Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow,

Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow ! oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool ; it more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier

Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood,

At *Greecian* swords contending ; tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Vol. *Aufidius'* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an usher, and a gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam----

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship----

Val. How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here ? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son ?

Vir. I thank your ladyship : well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. A my word, the father's son : I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth I look'd on him o' *Wednesday* half an hour together----ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly,
and

and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it, oh, I warrant how he mammockt it!

Vol. One o's father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery, I must have you play the idle housewife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Val. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lyes in.

Vir. I wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers, but I cannot get hither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I won't love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they say, all the yarn she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did not fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Vir. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam----

Val. In earnest it's true, I heard a senator speak it. That it is.--the *Volsians* have an army forth, against whom *Cominius* the general is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power. Your lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their city *Corioli*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Vol. I troth, I think she would: fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilius*, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Pir. No: nor a word, Madam; indeed I must nor. I wish you much mirth.

Vol. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V H.

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with captains and soldiers: To them a messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend him you I will,

For half an hundred years: Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lye these armies?

Mes. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours. Now *Mars* I pr'ythee make us quick in work; That we with smoaking swords may march from hence To help our fielded friends. Come, blow the blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two senators with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your wall?

i Senat. No, nor a man that fears you less than he. That's lesser than a little: hark, our drums

[Drum afar off.]
Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls Rather than they shall pound us up; our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but piann'd with rushes, They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[Alarum far off.]
There

There is *Aufidius*. Lift, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it.

Davi. Let their noise be our instruction. Ladders,

Enter the Volscians.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields! Advance,
brave *Titus*,

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my
fellows,

He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volscian*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarm; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*]

SCENE VIII.

Re-enter Martius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of *Rome*, you! herds of boils and plagues
Plaister you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile. You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves, that apes would bear? *Pluto* and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or by the fies of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow'd.

*Another alarm, and Martius follows them to
the gates, and is shot in.*

So now the gates are ope: now prove good seconds;
'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them;
Not for the flyers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates.*]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. [*Alarm continues.*]

Al.

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who upon the sudden
Clapt to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly out-dares his senseless sword,
And when it bows, stands up: thou art left, *Martius*
A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to *Calvus*' with, not fierce and terrible
Only in stroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussions of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feaverous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, Sir.

Lart. O, 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the City.]

Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't, I took this for silver. *[Exit.]*
[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter Martius and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
honours

At a crack'd drachm: cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noise the general makes! to him;
There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our Romans: then valiant *Titus* take

Convenient

Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st,
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.

T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight

Lart. Now the fair Goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers swords: bold gentlemen!
Prosperity be thy page.

Mar. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest: so farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest *Martius*,
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

Enter Cominius retreating with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we
come off

Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their successes, as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering
May give you thankful sacrifice. Thy news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The citizens of *Corioli* have issued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* battel.
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mes.

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums;
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news so late?

Mes. Spies of the *Volscians*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were fled? O Gods,
He has the stamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of *Martius'* tongue,
From every meaneer man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th' other,
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leash:
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me as they beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar.

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think---
Where is the enemy? are you lords o'th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battel? know you on what
They have plac'd their men of trust? (side)

Com. As I guess, *Martius*,
Their bands i'th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their best trust; o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battels wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour --

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they,
That most are willing, if any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report:
If any think brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him alone, (or many if so minded)
Wave thus, t'express his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

[They all shout, and wave their swords, take him
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]

Oh! me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volscians*? none of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) must I select from all:

The

The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd ; please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows :
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Titus Lartius having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet towards Cominius and Caius Marcius ; Enter with a lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded ; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding ; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's :
Our guider come, to th' Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Alarm as in battel. Enter Martius and Aufidius, at several doors.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate
thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike :
Not *Africk* owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy ; fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after.

Auf. If I fly, *Martius*, hollow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fough in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd : 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd ; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Heſſer*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,

Thou

Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[Here they fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aufidius. Martius fights 'till they be driven in breathless.]

Officious and not valiant!----you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door Cominus with the Romans: at another door Martius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend and thrug;
Pth' end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quack'd, hear more? where the dull Tri-
butes,

That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts, we thank the Gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his power from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Had'st thou beheld----

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my country?
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving. Rome must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment,
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that
Which to the spire, and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward.

What

What you have done, before your army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish, They all cry, Martius! Martius!
cast up their caps and banners: Cominus and Lar-
tius stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more: when drums and trumpets shall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
Be made all false-faced soothing.
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for th' wars:
No more, I say; for that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolical,
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises, sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you: therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this wars garland; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before, *Corioli*, call him,

With

With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Martius Coriolanus. Bear the addition nobly ever.

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums,*

Omnes. Caius Martius Coriolanus!

Mar. I will go wash:

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
 I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To th' fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To *Rome* our success: you *Titus Lartius*
 Must to *Corioli* back; send us to *Rome*
 The best, with whom we may articulate,
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me:
 I that but now refus'd most princely Gifts,
 Am bound to beg of my lord-general.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Corioli*,
 At a poor man's house: he us'd me kindly.
 He cry'd to me: I saw him prisoner:
 But then *Aufidius*, was within my view,
 And wrath o'er-whelm'd my pity; I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O well begg'd:

Were he butcher of my son, he should
 Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus*.

Lart. Martius, his name?

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot:
 I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
 Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;
 The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
 It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody
 with two or three soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en,

Sol.

Sol. 'Twill be delivered back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,
Being a *Volsian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a treary find
I th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If ever again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had: for where
I thought to crush him in equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle: my valour (poison'd
With only suffering stain by him) for him
Shall lie out of itself: not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarkments of all fury, shalt lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospital cannon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you
('Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir,

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Menenius with Sicinius and Brutus.

MENENIUS.

THE Augur tells me, we shall have news to-night.
Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Martius*.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor, that you two have not in abundance.

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boast.

Men. This is strange now! do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right file, do you?

Bru. Why-----how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, you will not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience-----give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures, (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so-----you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for
doing

doing much alone. You talk of pride ---- oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but interior survey of your good selves. O that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias*, fools as any in Rome.

Sic Menenius, you are known well enough too

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tyber* in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *als* in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you, you have good faces; if you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can you besom conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fisset-seller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.

When you are hearing a matter between a party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the chollick, you make faces like numbers, set up the bloody flag against all patience ---- and in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace

you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfect glyber for the table, than a necessary bench in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Martius* is proud; who in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since *Deucalion*, tho' peradventure some of the rest of them are hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worship: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly Plebeians. I would be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Exe. Brutus and Sicinius.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria.

How now (my fair as noble) ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whether do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go?

Men. Ha! *Martius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee-----
ho, *Martius* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look here a Letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night; A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw'r.

M.n. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in *Galen*

is but emperic, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for'r.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a Victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the open garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; if he had itaid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out done his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth there's wonderous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true.

Vol. True? pow waw.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded. God save your good worships? *Martius* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud: where is he wounded?

Vol. I'th' shoulder, and i'th' left arm; and there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i'th' body.

Men. One i'th' neck, and two i'th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before his last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets. [*A shout and flourish*]

Vol. These are the ushers of *Martius*; before him he carries noise, and behind him tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nerry arm doth lye,

Which being advanced, declines, and then men die.

SCENE III.

Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken Garland, with Captains, Soldiers, a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Gaius Martius*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother.

Cor. Oh!

You have, I know, petition'd the Gods

For my prosperity.

Vol. Nay, my soldier up:

Ny gentle *Martius*, worthy *Gaius*,

By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee?

But oh, thy wife -----

Cor. My gracious silence, hail;

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home;

That weep'st to see me triumph? ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee.

Com. And live you yet? O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home.

And welcome General, y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy: welcome,

A curse begin at very root one's heart

That is not glad to see thee. You are three

That *Rome* should dote on: yet by the faith of men,

We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not

Be

Be grafted to your relish. Welcome warriors;
We call a nettle, but a nettle, and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Menenius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our house I do shade my head
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our *Rome*
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know good mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets.*]

[*Exeunt in state, as before.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattled nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen maikin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the walls to eye him; stalls, bulks, win-
dows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown *Flaminius*
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station; our veild dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of *Phœbus*' burning kisses; such a pother,
As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
Were sily crept into his human power,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him, Consul:

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
From whence he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he'ath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort:

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their antient malice, will forget
(With the least cause) these his new honours: which
That he will give, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i'th' market-place: nor on him put
The napless vesture of humillty,
Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by th' suit o'th' gentry,
And the desire o'th' nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows,
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested!

At

At some time when his soaring insolence
 Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want;
 If he be put upon't, and that's as easie
 (As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
 To kindle their day stubble; and their blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You're sent for to the Capitol: 'tis thought
 That *Martius* shall be Consul: I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
 To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he past; the nobles bended,
 As to *Jove's* statue, and the commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
 I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
 And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here; how
 many stand for consulships?

2 Off. Three they say; but 'tis thought of every
 one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance
 proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. Faith, there have been many great men that
 have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them, and
 there be many that they have loved, they know not
 wherefore; so that if they love they know not why,
 they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for
Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate
 him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their
 disposition, and out of his noble carelessness lets them
 plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love
 or no, he wou'd indifferently, 'twixt doing them nei-

ther good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that they may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who have been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice that giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him, he is a worthy man: make way, they are coming.

S-C-E-N-E VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people. Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscians, and To send for Titus Lartius; it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore please Most reverend and grave elders, to desire [you, The present Consul, and the last General, In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Martius Cominius; whom We met here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us think Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we stretch it out. Masters o'th' people,

We do request your kindest ear, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasant treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The rheam of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He had hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been silent: please you
To hear *Cominius* speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give.

Men. He loves your people,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow:
Worthy *Cominius* speak.

[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your Place.

1 Sen. Sit, *Coriolanus*, never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh----

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'th' sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit *Coriolanus*.]

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius*.

Com.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of *Coriolanus*
 Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
 That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver : if it be
 The man I speak of cannot in the world
 Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen Years,
 When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
 An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'th' Consul's view
 Slew their opposers : *Tarquin's* self he met,
 And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,
 He prov'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
 And in the brunt of seventeen battels siace
 He lurch'd all swords o'th' garland. For this last,
 Before, and in *Corioli*, let me say
 I cannot speak him home : he stopt the flyers,
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport. As waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stern : his sworp (death's stamp)
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot :
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was trimm'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd.
 The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
 With sinless destiny : aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Nor all's this ;
 For by and by the din of war gain pierce
 His ready sense, when streight his doubled spirit
 Requickend what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the bartel came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and 'till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.
 Men. Worthy man !

1. Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'th' world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend his time to end it.

Men. He's right noble,
Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to th' people.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let them o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them.
For my wound's sake to give their suffrages:
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people must have their Voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't? pray fit you to the
custom;
And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did and thus,
Shew them th' unaking scar, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't:
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,

Our

Our purpose to them, and to our noble Consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sic. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish Cornets. Then Exe.*]

Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent: He will require
them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them

Of our proceeding here on th' market place,
I know they do attend us.

[*Exe.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. Oons! if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, Sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it
is a power that we have no power to do; for if he
shews us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are
to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for
them: so if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also
tell him of our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude
is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful,
were to make a monster of the multitude, of the
which, we being members, should bring ourselves to
be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a lit-
tle help will serve: For once when he stood up about
the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-
headed multitude.

3 Cit. We have been call'd so of many, not that
our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,
some bald; but that our wits are so diversly colour'd;
and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out
of one scull, they would fly East, West, North,
South, and their consent of one direct way, would
be at once to all points o'th' compass.

2 Cit.

2 Cit. Think you so? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks --- you may, you may ---

3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of Humility, mark his behaviour: we are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, where every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not known

The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say,

I pray, Sir? plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace: Look, Sir, --- my
wounds ---

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me the Gods!

You must not speak of that, you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em,

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men.

Cit.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: pray you to speak to 'em, I pray you.
In wholesome manner.

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean --- so, here comes a brace:
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, Sir, tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How, not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble
the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing,
we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray your price o'th' consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have
wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in pri-
vate: your good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy
voices begg'd. I have your alms, adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again: --- but 'tis no
matter. [Exeunt.]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here
the customary Gown.

1 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country,
and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your Ænigma.

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies;
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not
indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,
that I have not been common in my love; I will,
Sir, flatter my sworn Brother, the people, to earn a
dearer

dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: And since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers: therefore, beseech you I may be Consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily. [*Exit.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices ---

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve. †

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.

Your voices --- for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battels thrice fix,
I've seen, and heard of: for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: ---- your
voices:

Indeed I would be Consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.*

† ---- we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needless voucher? custom calls me to't ---
What custom wills in all things, should we do't?
The dust on antique time would lye unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and honour go,
To one that would do thus: I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul: the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people.

All. Amen, Amen. God save thee, noble Consul.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've stood your limitation: and the Tri-
Endue you with the peoples voice. Remains, (bunes
That in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do: and knowing myself
Repair to th' senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*]

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir. (man?)

Bru. We pray the Gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us downright. (us.)

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic.

Sic. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 Clt. He said he'd wounds, which he could shew
in private :

And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Consul, says he : aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me :
Your voices therefore : when we granted that,
Here was ---- I thank you for your voices ---- thank
you ----

Your most sweet voices ---- now you have left your
voices. (cry?

I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mock-

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see't ?

Or seeing it, of such childish friendliness,
To yield your voice ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd ; when he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy, still spake against

Your liberties and charters that you bear

Th' body of the weal : and now arriving

At place of potency, and sway o'th' state.

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to th' plebeians, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves ? you should have said

That as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice tow'rd's you, into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit

And try'd his inclination ; from his pluckt

Either his gracious promise, which you might

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to,

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature

Which easily endures not article,

Tying him to aught ; so putting him to rage

You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,

And pass him unelected.

Bra.

Brw. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? why had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and now again
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your su'd-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends
to piece 'em.

Brw. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They've chose a Consul that will from them take
Their liberties, make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble; and on safer judgment,
Revoke your ignorant election:
Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you:
Besides; forget not,
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehensions of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Brw. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you must cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our command-
ment,
Than guided by your own affections,
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather must do, than what you should do,
Made you against the grain to voice him Consul.
Lay the fault on us.

Brw. Ay, spare us not: say we read lectures to
you, How

How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
 The noble house of *Martius*; from whence came
 That *Ancus Martus*, *Numa's* daughter's son,
 Who after great *Hoftilius* here was King:
 Of the same house *Publius Quintus* were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither.
 And *Censorinus*, darling of the people
 (And nobly nam'd so for twice being cenfor)
 Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his person wrought,
 To be set him in place, we did commend
 To your remembrance; but you have found,
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
 (Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,
 Repair toth' Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all repent in their election.
 [Exeunt Plebeians.]

Bru. Let them go on:
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay past doubt for greater:
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. Come; to th' Capitol,
 We will be there before the stream o'th' people:
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius,
 Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. **T**ULLUS *Aufidius* then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord, and that it was
 Our swifter composition. (which caus'd

Cor. So then the *Volscians* stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make inroad
Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse
Against the *Volscians*, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town; he is retir'd to *Antium*.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How? --- what? ---

Lart. How often he had met you sword to sword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium*.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o' th' common mouth: I do despise
them;

For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hath! --- what is that! ---

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on --- no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and commons?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' market-
place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop.

Or

Or all will fall in broil,

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And streight disclaim their tongues? what are your
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them, *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform'd them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? by yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,
Or ne'er to be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd, set on; this paltring
Becomes not *Rome*: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
Ith' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again----

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will-----

As

As for my nobler friend, I crave their pardons:
 But for the mutable rank-scented many,
 Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
 And there behold themselves: I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish against our Senate
 The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, [ster'd,
 Which we ourselves have plow'd for, sow'd and scat.
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number.
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power but that
 Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more-----

Sen. No more words, we beseech you -----

Cor. How! ----- no more! ----

As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force; so shall my lungs
 Coin words 'till their decay; against those measles
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
 The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o'th' people, as you were a God
 To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Men. What! what! his choler?

Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight sleep
 By *Jove*, 'twould be thy mind.

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain?

Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
 His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the cannon.

Cor. *Shall*!

O good, but most unwise patricians; why
 You grave, but wreackless Senators, have you thus
 Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 The horn and noise o'th' monsters want no spirit
 To say he'll turn your current a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance; if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity; if you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,

Let

Let them have cushions before you. Your Plebians,
 If they be Senators, and they are no less,
 When both your voices blinded, the great'st taste
 Most pallates theirs. They chuse their magistrate,
 And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *fove* himself,
 It makes the Consuls base; and my soul akes
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supream, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by th' other.

Com. Well——on to th' market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that consul, to give forth
 The corn o'th the it rehouse, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in *Greece*——

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power
 I say, they nourish'd disobedience, led
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
 One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my Reasons,
 More worthy than their voice? They know the corn,
 Was not our recompence, resting assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't, being prest to th' war,
 Even when the naval of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn, *gratis*. Being i'th' war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
 Which they have often made against the Senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bosom-multiplied digest
 The Senators Courtesie! let deeds express
 What's like to be the words——we did request it
 We are the g' eater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands.——Thus we debate
 The nature of our fears, and make the rabble
 Call our Cares, fears, which will in time brake open
 The Locks o'th' Senate, and bring in the crows,
 To peck the eagles

Bru. Enough, with our measure.

Cor. No, take no more.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
T' unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,
(You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble Life before a long, and wish
To vamp a body with a dangerous physick,
That's sure of death without,) at one pluck out
The multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it:
Not having power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H's spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

Bru. Manifest Treason——

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho; let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go call the people, in whose name my self
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator:
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And following to thine answer. [*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*]

Cor. Hence, old goat.

All. We'll sure to him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles,

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus.]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens——what hoe——

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?——I am out of breath;
Confusion's near. I cannot speak.——You, Tribunes,

Coriolanus; patience; speak, *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, people——peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune; peace; speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties;

Martius would have all from you: *Martius*,

Whom late you nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie,

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd

The people magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all which distinctly ranges

In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us do it? we do here pronounce,

Upon the part o'th' people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy

Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;

Bear him to the rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles* seize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word, beseech your Tribunes, hear me
but a word——

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country friends;
And temperately proceed to what you would
I thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock. [*Cor. draws his sword.*]

Cor. No; I'll dye here;

There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your selves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword, Tribunes withdraw a while

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Martius*, help——you that be noble, help him
young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*]

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people
are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends or enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid:

I prythee, noble Friend, home to thy house,
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore

You cannot tent your self; be gone, beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans* as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o'th' Capitol:
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my self take up a brace o'th' the best of them
yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic,
And manhood is call'd foolry when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you be gone:
I'll try if my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come away. [*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

1 Sen. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove's* for power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
That his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And being angry does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*Noise within.*]
Here's goodly work.

2 Sen. I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tiber*. What the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. Your worthy Tribunes——

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian Rock*,
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know the noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir. ———

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults ———

Sic. Consul! ——— what Consul!

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consul! ———

All. No, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two.
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good God forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Tow'rds her deserving children, is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own.

Sic. He's a disease that must cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.

What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?

Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost

Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

(By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country:

And what is left, to lose it by his country,

Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,

A brand to th' end o'th' world.

Sic. This is clean wrong.

Bru. Meerly awry: when he did love his country
to honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot;

Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected

For what before it was ———

Bru. We'll here no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:

This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find

The harm of unskann'd swiftness, will (too late)

Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process,
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Br. If 'twere so ———

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our *Aediles* smote, our selves resisted, come ———

Men. Consider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill-schoold

In boulded language, meal and bran together

He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him

Where he shall answer by a lawful form,

In peace to his utmost peril.

Sen. Noble Tribunes,

It is the human way; the other course

Will prove too bloody, and the end of it

Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the peoples officers

Masters; lay down your weapons.

Br. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there;

Where, if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed

In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.

Let me desire your company; he must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses heels,

Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,

That the precipitation might down stretch

Below the beam of fight, yet will I still

Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont

To call them woollen vassals, things created

To buy and sell with groats, to shew bare heads

In congregations, yawn, be still, and wonder,

When one of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war; (I talk of you)
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let's go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are.
With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
The things that thrawt your dispositions, if
You had shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, something too
rough:

You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads may use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to th' heart, but that
The violent fit o'th' times craves it as physick
For the whole state, I'd put my armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? What then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them? I cannot do it for the Gods,
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities speak, I've heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
In war do grow together: grant that, and tell me

In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush —

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy: how is't less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stand in like request.

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because it lies on you to speak to the people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
But rooted in your tongue; bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I'm in this,
Your wife, your son: these senators the nobles,
And you will rather shew our general lowts,
How you can frown, then spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!

Come go with us, I speak fair: you may save so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pry thee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee, buffing the stones; for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving thy head;
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,

In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as she speaks, why all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd: altho' I know thou'dst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i'th' market-place, and Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong party, or defend your self
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will:

Pr'ythee now say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go to shew them my unbarbed scone?
Must my base tongue give to my nobler heart
A lie, that it must bear? well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot, to lose
Thus mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. To th' market-place!
You've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier; so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

' Away my disposition, and possess me
' Some harlot's spirit: my throat of war be turn'd,
' Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
' Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
' That babies lulls asleep; the smiles of knaves
' Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take up
' The glasses of my sight: a beggar's tongue
' Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees

' Which.

" Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
 " That hath receiv'd an alms. I will not do't,
 ' Left I surcease to honour mine own truth,
 " And by my body's action, teach my mind
 " A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'd'st from me?
 But own thy pride thy self.

Cor. Pray be content:

Mother, I'm going to the market-place:
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
 Of all the trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 Pth' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will.

[*Exit Volumnia.*]

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
 Your self to answer mildly: for they're prepar'd
 With accusations, as I hear, more strong
 Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly. Pray let us go.

Let them accuse me by invention: I

Will answer in mine honour,

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
 Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
 Inforce him with his envy to the people,
 And that the spoil got on the *Antiates*
 Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and those senators
 That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
 Of all the voices that we have procur'd,

Se

Set down by th' poll!

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither.

And when they hear me say, It shall be so,

I'th' right and strength o'th' commons; be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry fine; if death, cry death,

Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i'th' truth o'th' cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd

Inforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[Exit *Ædiles*]

Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd

Ever to conquer, and to have his word

Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot

Be reign'd again to temperance; then he speaks

What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks

With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume: the honour'd Gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice

Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you

Through our large temples with shews of peace,

And not our street with war.

1 Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your Tribunes: audience;

Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both. Tri. Well, say: ho.

Cor.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i'th holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move
Laughter only.

Men. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds:
But, as I say, such as become a soldier.
Rather than envy, you——

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'Tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Your self unto a power tyrannical,
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How? traitor?

Men. Nay, temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i'th' lowest hell sold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say
Thou liest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th' rock with him.

Sic. Peace:

We

We need not put new matter to his charge:
 What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
 Beating your officers cursing your selves,
 Opposing laws with stroaks, and here defying
 Those whose great power must try him, even this
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves th' extreamest death.

Brn. But since he hath
 Serv'd well for *Rome* ———

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Brn. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You? ———

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you ———

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
 Vagabond exile, fleeing, pent to linger
 But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have't with saying, good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has
 (As much as in him lyes) from time to time
 Envy'd against the people: Seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as now at last
 Giv'n hostile stroaks, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it, in the name o'th' people,
 And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
 (Ev'n from this instant) banish him our city
 In peril of precipitaton
 From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
 To enter our *Rome's* gates. I th' people's name,
 I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so; it shall be so; let him away:
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends ———

Sic. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been Consul, and can shew from *Rome*,
 Her enemies marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound than mine own life,

My

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: Then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift. Speak, what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate.
As reek of the o'th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcases of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you.
And here remain with your uncertainty,
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts,
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair: Have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length,
Your ign'rance (which finds not till it feels,
Making your reservation of your selves
Still your own enemies) deliver you
As most abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows. Despising then
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere——

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

[*The people shout and throw up their caps.*

Ædil. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow him

As he hath follow'd you; with all despoight

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come; let's see him out of the gates; come.

The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes; come.

[*Exe.*



ACT IV.

*Enter Coriolanus, Voluminia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Cor. COME, leave your tears: A brief farewell: The
beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,

Where

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
 To say, extremity was the trier of spirits,
 That common chances common men could bear;
 That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows
 When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
 A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
 With precepts that would make invincible.
 The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in *Rome*
 And occupations perish.

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,
 Droop not; adieu: Farewel my wife, my mother;
 I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
 Thy tears are saltier than a young man's
 And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General;
 I've seen the stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen;) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,

Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
 With thee a while; determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance,
 That starts i'th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth.

A cause of thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
Pth' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well!

Thou'st years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised; bring me but at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch: When I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If could shake off but one seven years
From those old arms and legs, by the good Gods
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further,
Vex'd are the nobles, who we have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home.
Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: Keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, ye are well met:

The hoarded plague o'th' Gods require your love.

Men. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear

Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power

To

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you man-kind?

Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame? note but his fool.
Was not a man my father? hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou hast spoken words——

Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words,
And for *Rome's* good—I'll tell thee what—yet go——
Nay, but thou shalt stay too——I would my son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then? he'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome*!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! ——— 'twas you incens'd the rab-
ble.

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heav'n
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray Sir, get you gone.

You've done a brave deed; Ere you go, hear this
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in *Rome*; so far as my son,
This lady's husband here, this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well; well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited

With one that wants her wits?

[*Ex Tribunes.*]

Vol. Take my prayer with you.

I wish the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart.
Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,
And by my troth have cause: You'll sup with me?

Vol.

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon my self,
And so shall starve with feeding: Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno*-like: Come, come, fie, fie.

[*Exe.*

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: Your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my services are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? no.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome*? I have a note from the *Volscian* state to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* strange insurrections: The people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is ended then? our state thinks not so: They are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come, upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to the heart the banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd? Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these wars, his great opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one. The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguised, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this *Antium*. Cry,

'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices, for my wars

Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battel slay me. Save you, Sir,

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius*
lies:

Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state, at his house
this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?

Cit. 'Tis here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

Oh world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together: who twine (as 'twere in love)
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a diffention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their issues. So with me,
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's town I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he gives me way,
I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*]

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 Ser. Wine, wine, wine! what service is here?
I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*]

Enter another Serving-man.

2 Ser. Where's *Cotus*? my master calls for him: *Cotus.*

Enter

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 Ser. What would you have, friend? whence are you?
here's no place for you: Pray go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being Co-
riolanus. [*Aside.*

Enter a second Servant.

2 Ser. When are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his
head, that he gives entrance to such companions? pray get
you out.

Cor. Away! ———

2 Ser. Away? ——— get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What fellow's this?

Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him
out o'th' house: pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, fellow? pray you avoid
the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other stati-
on, here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[*Pushes him away from him.*

3 Ser. What, will you not? pr'ythee tell my master, what
a strange guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall.

[*Exit second serving-man.*

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Ser. Under the canopy?

Ser. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I the city of kites and crows.

3 Ser. I'th' city of kites and crows? what an ass it is! then
thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor.

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Ser. How, Sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress: thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher: hence.

[Beats him away.]

Enter Aufidius, with a serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Ser. Here, Sir, I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for distributing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'st me not, and seeing me, Dost not yet take me for the man I am, Necessity commands me name my self.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to *Volscian* ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn, Thou shew'st a noble vessel; what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy name?

Cor. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the *Volsicians*, Great hurt and mischief, thereto witness may My surname, *Coriolanus*. The painful service, The extream dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname. A good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou could'st bear me; only that name remains. The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest; And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope (Mistake me no) to save my life; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men in th' world I'd have avoided thee. But in meer spite

To

To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here: then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee. For I will fight
 Against my canker'd country, with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if to be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou'rt tir'd; then in a word I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tears of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
 I be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, *Martius, Martius,*
 Each word thou'st spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from you cloud speak to me things divine,
 And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine
 Mine arms about thy body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And fear'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dream't of encounters 'twixt thy self and me:
 We have been drawn together in my sleep,

Unbuckling

Unbuckling helms, sitting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*
 Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for *Rome* it self.

Cor. You bless me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 One half of my commission, and set down,
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own way;
 Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in,
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
 And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
 Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your hand; most-welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* Here's a strange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I thought to have stricken him with
 a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false
 report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his
 finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something
 in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought, I cannot
 tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so: Looking, as it were——would I were
 hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could
 think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply the rarest man
 i'th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you
 wot one.

2 *Ser.*

2 Ser. Who, my master?

1 Ser. Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Ser. Worth six on him.

1 Ser. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 Ser. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 Ser. Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 Serv. Oh slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 Ser. I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Ser. Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius*.

1 Ser. Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 Ser. I do not say thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 Ser. Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 Ser. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before *Corioli*, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 Ser. And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 Ser. But more of thy news.

3 Ser. Why he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to *Mars*: set at upper end o'th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of *Rome-gates* by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 Ser. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

D

3 Ser.

3 *Ser.* Do't ! he will do't : for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies ; which friends, Sir, as it were, durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude ! what's that ?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward ? (him.)

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis as it were a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why then we shall have a stirring world again : this peace is worth nothing, but to rust Iron, increase Tailors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I, it exceeds peace, as far as day does night, it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard-children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so, and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason, because they then less need one another : the wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as *Volsicians*.

They are rising, they are rising.

Beth. In, in, in, in.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame : the present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well ; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld Dissention numbers pestring streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Men. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius* ?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he : O he is grown most kind of late. Hail, Sir.

Men. Hail to you both.

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miss'd, but with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive.

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours:
We wish'd *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewel, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy officer i'th' war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, without assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so,

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports the *Volsians* with two several powers
Are entred in the *Roman* Territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius*' banishment,

Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Martius*?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volsians* dare break with us!

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house; some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave:

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy Sir,

The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst *Rome*,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely.

Bru. Rais'd o ly, that the weaker sort may wish
Good *Martius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* can no more be one
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Marius*,
Associat'd with *Aufidius*, rages

Upon our territories, and have already
O'erborn their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news? (and

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news? what's their news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confid'
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now the news?

You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Martius* should be joined with the *Volsians*.

Com. If? he is their God, he leads them like a thing,

Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work.

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools, who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The nobleman have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: his best friends, if they
Shou'd say; be good to *Rome*, they charge him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowards nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'th' city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation;
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters---
And is *Aufidius* with him?---You are they
That made the air unwholsome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, hooting at
Coriolanus's exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did
very many of us; that we did, we did for the best:
and tho' we willingly consented to his banishment,
yet it was against our will.

Com. Yare goodly things; you voices!--

Men. You have made you good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capital?

Com.

Com. Oh, ay, what else? [Exeunt.]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

i Cit. The Gods be good to us: come, masters,
let's home. I ever said we were i'th' wrong, when
we banish'd him.

Cit. So did we all; but come, let's home. [Ex. *Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie.

Sic. Pray let us go. [Exeunt *Tribunes.*

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenants.

Auf. Do they still fly to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore-meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now.

Unless by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,

(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge against him; tho' it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the *Volscian* state,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech, think you he'll carry *Rome*?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
And the nobility of *Rome* are his :
The Senators and Patricians love him too :
The Tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*
As is the Aspray to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First, he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honour even ; whether pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Whereof he was the lord ; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From th' cask to th' cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity and garb,
As he controul'd the war. But one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all) not all,
For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd ; but he has merit
To choak it in the utterance : so our virtues
Lye in th' interpretation of the time ;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
Right's by right fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away ; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou'rt poor'st of all, then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, &c.

Men. **N**O, I'll not go : you hear what he hath said,
Which was sometime his General ; who
lov'd him

In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father :
But what o'that ? go you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent, fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy : nay, if he coy'd

To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*,
He would not answer to ; forbad all names,
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o'th' fire
Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, fo ; you've made good work :
A pair of Tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*,
To make coals cheap : a noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them, in a pile
Of noisom musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I'm one of these : his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains ;
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient : if you refuse your aid
In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But sure if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our country-man.

Men. No : I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do,
For *Rome*, tow'rds *Martius*.

Men. Well, and say that *Martius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard : what then ?

But as a discontented friend grief-shot

With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good-will

Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:

I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
Till he be dieted to my request, (him
And then I'll set upon him.

Brn. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*: and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, rise: dismiss'd me
Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unless his mother
And wife (who as I hear) mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country: therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haile them on. [Exeunt.]

Enter Menenius to the watch or guard.

1 *Watch.* Stay: whence are you?

1 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

(leave

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From *Rome*.

(General

1 *Watch.* You may not pass, you must return, our
Will no more hear from thence.

2 Watch. You'll see, your *Rome* embrac'd with fire,
You'll speak with *Coriolanus*. (before

Men. Good, my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius*.

1 Watch. Be it so, go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalell'd happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground
I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 Watch. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own,
you should not pass here: no, though it were as vir-
tuous to lie, as to live chastly. Therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Me-
nenius*, always factionary of the party of your General.

2 Watch. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you
say you have; I am one that, telling true under him,
must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 Watch. You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 Watch. Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does.
Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the
very defender of them, and in a violent popular ig-
norance, given your enemy your shield, think to front
his revenge with the easy groans of old women, the
virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of such a decay'd dotard as you seem to
be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your
city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as
this? no, you are deceiv'd; therefore back to *Rome*,
and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd,

our

our General has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

1 Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1 Watch. My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now you champion, I'll say an errand for you, you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a jack-gardant can't office me from my son *Coriolanus*; guess but my entertainment with him; if thou stand'st not i'th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee--The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does. Oh, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block have denied my access to thee--

Cor. Away.

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are servented to others; Though I owe My revenge properly, remission lies In *Volscian* breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity: not how much---therefore be gone, Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee, Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives him a letter.]

And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*, I will not hear thee speak. This man, *Aufidius*,

Was my belov'd in *Rome* ; yet thou behold'st--

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exe.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius* ?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a spell you see of much power : You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back ?

2 *Watch.* What cause do you think I have to swoon ?

Men. I neither care for th'world, nor your general : for such things as you I can scarce think there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another : Let your General do his worst. For you, be what you are long ; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away.

[*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Ex. Watch.*

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to th' *Volscian* lords how plainly I've born this business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected ; stop Your ears against the general suit of *Rom.* ; Never admitted private whisper, no Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*, Lov'd me above the measure of a father : Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge, Was to send him : for whose old love, I have (Tho' I shew'd sow'rly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only, That thought he could do more : a very little I've yielded to. Fresh embassy, and suits, Not for the state, nor private friends hereafter Will I lend ear to.---Ha ! what shout is this ?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made ? I will not---

Enter

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius,
with Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break;
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make the Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others: My mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature denies, deny not. Let the *Volscians*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*? I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct: But stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say,
For that, forgive our *Romans*.---O a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.---You Gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink my knee i'th' earth; [*Kneels.*
Of the deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest!
Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while, [*Kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry breach
Fillop the stars: Then, let the mutinous winds.

Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery sun:
Murd'ring impossibility to make
What cannot be slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of *Poplicola*:
The moon of *Rome*, chaste as the isicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* temple: Dear *Valeria*---

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*Shewing young Martius.*

Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The God of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee.

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by your denial. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome's* mechanicks. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
T'allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more; no more:
You've said you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.

Cor. *Aufidius* and you *Volscians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private--Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've lead since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfort'nate than all living women:

Are we come hither ; since thy sight, which should
Make our hearts flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out : And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital ; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas ! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound ? together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound ? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wish, which side thou'd win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
These wars determine : If I can't persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one ; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me :
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires no child nor woman's face to see :
I've sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus :
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy (us,
The *Volscians* whom you serve, you might condemn
As poisonous of your honour. No ; our suit
Is that you reconcile them : While the *Volscians*

May

May say, this mercy we have shew'd ; the *Romans*,
This we receiv'd ; and each in either side
Give all hail to thee, and cry, be blest
For making up this peace. Thou know'st, great son
The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ, ' the man was noble---
' But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
' Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
' To th' ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son :
Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the Gods,
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th'air,
And yet to change thy sulphur with a bolt,
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak !
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speak you :
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy,
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' stocks. Thou'st never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;
When she (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home
Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
And spurn me back : But if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou refrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. He turns away :
Down ladies ; let us shame with our knees.
To his fir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down ; and end,
This is the last. So we will home to *Rome*,
And die among our neighbours : Nay, behold us.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :
This fellow had a *Volscean* to his mother :
His wife is in *Corioli*, and his child
Like him by chance ; yet give us our dispatch :

I'm hush't until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother ! [*Holds her by the hands, silent.*
What have you done ? behold, the heav'n's do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother ! oh !
You've won a happy victory to *Rome* :
But for your son, believe it, oh believe it,
Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Let it come :---

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less ? or granted less, *Aufidius* ?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were ?

And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweet compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O mother ! wife !

Auf. I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee ; out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune. [*Aside.*

Cor. Ay, by and by ; but we will drink together ;
And you shall bear [*To Vol. Virg. &c.*
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us : Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords
In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coin o'th' capitol, yond corner
stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the ladies of *Rome*,
especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I
say there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd,
and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man ?

Men.

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Marius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us.

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respect not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down, all swearing, if The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches,

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news? [vail'd,

Mes. Good news, good news, the ladies have prevail'd. The *Volscians* are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend, Art certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you; (*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*)

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
 Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans
 Make the sun dance. Hark you. [*A shout within.*]

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day:
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

[*Sound still with the shouts.*]

Sic. First, the Gods bless you for your tidings: next
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter two senators with ladies passing over the stage, with
 other lords.*

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
 Call all your tribes together, praise the Gods,
 And make triumphant fires: strew flow'rs before them:
 Unshout the noise that banish'd *Martius*;
 Repeat him with the welcome of his mother:
 Cry, welcome ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome ladies, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

[*A flourish of drums and trumpets.*]

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o'th' city, I am here:
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,
 Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
 Even in theirs, and in the common ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.
 Most welcome.

1 Con. How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so,
 As with a man by his own alms impoyson'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble Sir,
 If you do hold the same intent, wherein

You wish'd us parties: we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who, being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so many friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping---

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help'd to reap the fame
Which he did make all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: 'till at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and at last
When he carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory---

Auf. There was it:
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him:
At a few drops of womens rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns

Splitting the air with noise

² *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him glory.

³ *Con.* Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second, when he lies along,
After your way, his tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

¹ *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines : but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefits of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding ! admits no excuse

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with drums and colours the Commons being with him.

Cor. Hail, lords ; I am return'd, your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With blood passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome : our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpose a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the *Antiates*
Than shame to th' *Romans* : and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls, and Patricians,
Together with the seal o'th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords.
But tell the traitor in the highest degree

He

He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!--how now!--

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Martius*----

Cor. *Martius*!--

Auf. Ay, *Martius*, *Caius*, *Martius*; dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, stoln name
Coriolanus, in *Corioli*?

You lords and head o'th' state perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*;
I saw your city, to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o'th' war; but as his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, *Mars*?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of tears.

Cir. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measure less liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave!--
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I'm forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion,
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave, shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volscians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! false hound!--
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volscians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my son, my daughter, kill'd my cousin,
He kill'd my father.

2 Lord.

2 Lord. Peace,---no outrage---peace---
The man is noble, and his frame folds in
This orb o'th' earth ; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius*'s, or more ; his tribe ;
To use my lawful sword---

Auf. Insolent villain.

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The conspirators all draw, and kill Martius,
who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble lords, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O, *Tullus*---

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him--masters all, be quiet.
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame ;
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow : take him up :
Help three o'th' chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Exeunt bearing the body of *Martius*. A dead
march sounded.
21 APR 90 F I N I S.
MUSEUM





CYMBELINE:

A

TRAGEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:

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M D C C X X V.

CYMBELINE

Dramatis Personæ.

Cymbeline, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately married to her.*

Guiderius, } *Disguis'd under the Names of Polidore*

Arviragus, } *and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarion.*

Bellarion, *a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of Morgan.*

Philario, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *Friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*

Pisano, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes,
Ghosts, a Sooth-sayer, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.*

S C E N E, *for some Part of the first,
second, and third Acts, lies in Rome;
for the rest of the Play in Britain.*



C Y M-



CYMBELINE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A PALACE.

Enter two Gentlemen.

I GENTLEMAN.



YOU do not meet a man but frowns,
Our Bloods
No more obey the Heav'ns than our
Courtiers;
But seem as do's the King's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His Daughter and the Heir of's Kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his Wife's sole Son, a Widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very Heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the King?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her too; so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their Faces to the bent
Of the King's Looks, hath a Heart, that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

A 2

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing Too bad for bad Report: And he that hath her, (I mean that marry'd her, alack good Man, And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such, As to seek through the Regions of the Earth For one, his like; there would be something failing In him, that should compare. — I do not think, So fair an outward, and such stuff within Endows a Man, but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself, Crush him together, rather than unfold His Measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his Name and Birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the Root: His Father Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his Honour Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*, But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Success; So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*. And had, besides this Gentleman in question, Two other Sons, who in the Wars o'th' time Dy'd with their Swords in Hand. For which their Father, Then old, and fond of Issue, took such Sorrow That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady Big of this Gentleman, our Iheam, deceas'd, As he was born. The King he takes the Babe To his Protection, calls him *Posthumus Leonatus*; Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber, Puts to him all the Learnings that his Time Could make him the Receiver of, which he took As we do Air, fast as 'twas ministr'd, And in Spring became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court, Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd, A Sample to the youngest; to th' more Mature, A Glass that featur'd them; and to the Graver, A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress, (For whom he now is banish'd) her own Price Proclaims how she esteem'd him. And his Virtue By her Election may be truly read, What kind of Man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, even out of your report.

But

CYMBELINE.

5

But pray you tell me, is she sole Child to th' King?

1 *Gent.* His only Child.

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three Years old,
I'th' swaithing Cloaths the other, from their Nursery
Were stol'n, and to this Hour, no guess in Knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty Years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's Children shou'd be so convey'd!
So Hackly guarded, and the Search so slow
That could not trace them——

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet it is true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear, Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find my Daughter,
After the Stander of most Step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the Keys
That lock up your Restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your Advocate; marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience
Your Wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to Day.

Queen. You know the Peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The Pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*]

Imo. O dissembling Courtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest Husband,
I something fear my Father's Wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy Duty) what
His Rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry Eyes: Not comforted to live,

But that there is this Jewel in the World,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!

O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more Tenderness
Than doth become a Man. I will remain
The loyall'st Husband, that did e'er plight Troth.
My Residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
Who to my Father was a Friend, to me
Known but by Letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine Eyes I'll drink the Words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my Injuries, to be Friends,
Pays dear for my Offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow; Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to air your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This Diamond was my Mother's; take it, Heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another!

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my Embracements from a next
With Bonds of Death, Remain, remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*

While Sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss: So in our Trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love; I'll place it.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

Upon this fairest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou hastest thing, avoid, hence, from my Sight
If after this Command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt Poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you.

And bless the good Remainders of the Court:

I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in Death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my Youth, thou heap'st
A Year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your Vexation,
I am senseless of your Wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past Hope, and in Despair, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole Sun of my Queen.

Imo. O blest that I might not! I chose an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my
A Seat for Baseness. [Throne

Imo. No, I rather added
A Lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A Man, worth any Woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou Mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; Heav'n restore me: would I were
A Neat-herd's Daughter, and my *Laonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your Patience ; Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, Peace, sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some Comfort
Out of your best Advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of Blood aday, and being aged
Die of this Folly.

[Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir ? What News?

Pis. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.

Queen. Hah!

No harm, I trust, is done ;

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at Hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile: O brave Sir,
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My self by with a Needle, that I might prick
The Goer back. Why came you from your Master?

Pis. On his Command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the Haven: Lest these Notes
Of what Commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful Servant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half Hour hence, pray you speak
with me ;
You shall at least, go see my Lord abroad.
For this Time leave me.

[Exeunt.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shift; the
Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice:
Where Air comes out, Air comes in. There's none a-
broad so wholsom as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it——

Have

Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* No faith : Not so much as his Patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him ? His body's a passable Carcass, if he be not hurt. It is thorough-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His Steel was in debt, it went o'th' Back-side the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled forward still, toward your Face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you ? you have Land enough of your own : But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many Inches as you have Oceans, Puppies !

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had measured how long a Fool you were upon the Ground.

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me !

2 *Lord.* If it be a Sin to make a true Election, she's damn'd.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I have seen small reflection of her Wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'll to my Chamber ; would there had been some hurt done.

2 *Lord.* I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an Ass, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us ?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord.

Enter Imogen, and Pisaniö.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the Shores o'th' Haven,
And questioned'st every Sail : If he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost.
As offer'd Mercy is : What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then wav'd his Handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linnen, happier therein than I :
And that was all ?

Pis. No, Madam ; for so long
As he could make me with his Eyes, or Ear,

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fit and stirs of's Mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a Crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them but to look upon him; 'till the Diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle;
Nay followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a Gnat, to Air; and then
Have turn'd mine Eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next Vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain Hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine interest, and his Honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orations, for then
I am in Heav'n for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting Kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming Words, comes in my Father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our Buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome.*

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French-man.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*, he was
then of a Crescent, none expected to prove so worthy, as
since he hath been allowed the Name of. But I could
then

then have look'd on him, without the help of Admirati-
on, though the Catalogue of his Endowments had been
tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than
now he is, with that which makes him both without and
within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many
there, could behold the Sun, with as firm Eyes as he.

Iac. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter,
wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his
own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his Banishment.

Iac. Ay, and the Approbation of those, that weep this
lamentable Divorce under her Colours, are wonderfully
to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which
else an easie Battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar
without more Quality. But how comes it, he is to so-
journ with you? how creeps Acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom
I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be so entertained a-
mongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to
a Stranger of his Quality. I beseech you all be better
known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a
noble Friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to
appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in *Orleanse*.

Post. Since when I have been debter to you for cour-
tesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was
glad I did attune my Countryman and you; it had been
pity you should have been put together, with so mortal
a purpose, as then each bore, upon Importance of so slight
and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young Travel-
ler; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in
my every Action to be guided by other experiences; but
upon my mended Judgment, (if I offend not to say it is
mended,) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of
Swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood
have

have confounded one the other, or have falsn both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the Difference?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without Contradiction, suffer the Report. It was much like an Argument that fell out last Night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman at that Time vouching, and upon Warrant of bloody Affirmation, his to be more Fair, Virtuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and less attemptable than any, the rarest of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's Opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her Virtue still, and I my Mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess my self her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of Hand in Hand Comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britany*; if she went before others, I have seen, as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could not believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the World enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd Mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given if there were Wealth enough for the Purchase, or Merit for the Gift. The other is not a Thing for Sale, and only the Gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in Title yours; but, you know, strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stoln too; so your Brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning Thief, or a, that way, accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

101.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Theives, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my Heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no Stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five time so much Conversation, I should get Ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and Opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my Opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your Offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse; though your Attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a Punishment too.

Phil. Gentleman, enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbour's, on th' Approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more Advantage than the Opportunity of a second Conference, and I will bring from thence that Honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser; if you buy Ladies Flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot pre-serve

serve it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a Custom in your Tongue; you bear a graver Purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my Speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your return; let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy things. I dare you to this Match; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you not sufficient Testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress; my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too; if I come off, and leave her in such Honour as you have trust in; she your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours, provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer: if you make your Voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill Opinion, and th' Assault you have made to her Chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your Hand, a Covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful Counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve; I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Viol.

Queen. While yet the Dew's on Ground gather those Flowers.

Make haste. Who has the Note of them?

Ladies. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies*

Now

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those Drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, Ay; here they are, Ma-
But I beseech your Grace, without Offence [dam;
My Conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing Death;
But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question; have I not been
Thy Pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distil? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great King himself doth woe me oft
For my Confections? Having thus far proceeded,
Unless thou think'st me devilish, is it not meet
That I did amplify my Judgment in
Other Conclusions? I will try the Forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the Vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their Aet, and by them gather
Their several Vertues, and Effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this Practice, but make hard your Heart;
Besides, the seeing these Effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him [Aside.
Will I first work: he's for his Master,
An Enemy to my Son, How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your Service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam. [Aside.
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a Word. [To *Pisanio*.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering Poisons; I do know her Spirit,
And will not trust one of her Malice, with
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the Sense a while,
Which first perchance she'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No Danger in what shew of Death it makes, More

More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further Service, Doctor,
Untill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my Leave.

[Exit

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in
time.

She will not quench, and let Instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master; greater; for
His Fortunes all lie speechless, and his Name
Is at last Gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to shift his Being,
Is to exchange one Misery with another,
And every Day that comes, comes to decay
A Day's Work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? thou takest up

[Pisario looking on the Viol.

Thou know'st not what; but taste it for thy Labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from Death; I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay I pr'ythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good.

That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how
The Case stands with her; do't as from thy self:
Think what a Chance thou chancest on; but think
Thou hast thy Mistress still; to boot, my Son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any Shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then my self, I chiefly
That set thee on to this Desert, am bound
To load thy Merit richly. Call my Women [Exit Pifa.
Think on my words—A sly, and constant Knave,
Not to be shak'd; the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her; to hold
The hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that,

Which

Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweet: and which she after,
Except she bend her Honour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so, well done, well done;
The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prim-roses,
Bear to my Closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
Think on my Words.

[*Ex. Queen and Ladies.*

Pisa. And shall do.

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish Suitor to a wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd—O, that Husband!
My supream Crown of Grief, and those repeated
Vexations of—had I been Thief-stoln,
As my two Brothers, happy; but most miserable
Is the Desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean so e'er, that have their honest Wills.
Which Seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachino.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All o'her that is out of Door, most rich
If she be furnish'd with a Mind so rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian Bird*; and I
Have lost the Wager. Boldness be my Friend;
Arm me, Audacity, from Head to foot;
Or like the *Parthian* I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest Note, to whose Kindnesses I
am most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your Trust.
So far I read aloud.

Leonatus.

But

But even the very middle of my Heart
Is warmed by th' rest, and take it thankfully —
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady :
What, are Men mad ? hath Nature given them Eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach ? and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your Admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' Eye ; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i' th' Judgment ;
For Ideots in this Case of Favour, would
Be wisely definit. Nor in the Appetite,
Sluttery to such neat Excellence oppos'd,
Should make Desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the Matter trow ?

Iach. The cloyed Will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd Desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running : Ravening first the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage —

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you ? are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well ; beseech you, Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him ;
He's strange and peevish. [To Pisanio.

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His Health, beseech you ?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a Stranger there,
So merry, and so game some ; he is call'd
The Britain Reveller.

Imo. When he was here

He

He did incline to Sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian*-Girl at home. He Furnaces
The thick sides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
Your Lord I mean, laughs from's free Lungs, cries oh!—
Can my Sides hold, to think, that Man who knows
By History, Report, or his own Proof
What Woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free Hours languish,
For assur'd Bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so? [ter.

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in Flood with Laugh-
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But Heavens know some Men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'n's Bounty towards
him might
Be us'd more thankfully, In himself 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily;

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I th' Dungeon by a Snuff?

Imo. I Pray you, Sir,
Deliver with more openness your Answers
To my Demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do.
I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an Office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you

Since

Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more,
Than to be sure they do; For Certainities
Either are past Remedies; or timely knowing,
The Remedy then born; Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this Cheek
To bathe my Lips upon: this Hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's Soul
To th' Oath of Loyalty; this Object which
Takes Prisoner the wild Motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs
That mount the Capitol; join Gripes with Hands
Made hard with hourly Falshood as with Labour?
Then glad my self by peeping in an Eye
Bale and unlustrious as the Smoaky Light
That's fed with stinking Tallow? it were fit
That all the Plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such Revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain*.

Iach. And himself; not I
Inclin'd to this Intelligence pronounce
The Beggary of his Charge; but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteest Conscience, to my Tongue
Charms this Report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest Soul! your Cause doth strike my Heart
With Pity; that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fastned to an Empery,
Would make the great'st King double; to be partner'd
With Tomboys, hir'd with that self Exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield! with diseas'd Venters
To play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenness can lend Nature! Such boy'l'd stuff
As well might poison Poison! Be reveng'd
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd?

How should I be reveng'd if this be true,
As I have such a Heart, that both mine Ears
Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,

How

How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Shou'd he make me

Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold Sheets;
While he is Vaulting variable Ramps
In your Despight, upon your Purse; revenge it,
I dedicate my self to your sweet Pleasure,
More noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio*! —

Iach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Report, as thou from Honour; and
Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, *Pisanio*; —
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he should think it fit,
A sawcy stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a *Romish* Stew, and to expound
His beattly Mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*! —

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
The Credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy Trust, and thy most perfect Goodness
Her assur'd Credit; blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Mistress only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your Pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy Witch
That he enchants Societies into him:
Half all Mens Hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sets 'mongst Men, like a descended God;
He hath a kind of Honour sets him off,

More

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false Report, which hath
Honour'd with Confirmation your great Judgment,
In the Election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The Love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your Pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir, take my power i'th' Court for
yours.

Iach. My humble Thanks; I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small Request,
And yet of Moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my self, and other noble Friends
Are Partners in the Business.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
The best Feather of our Wing, have mingled Sums
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis Plate of rare Device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquisite Form, their Values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in Protection.

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine Honour for their Safety; since
My Lord hath Interest in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my Men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this Night;
I must abroad to Morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: Or I shall short my Word
By lengthening my Return. From *Gallia*,
I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

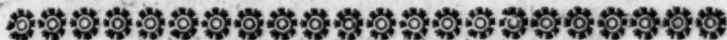
Imo. I thank you for your Pains;
But not away to Morrow.

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your Lord with writing, do't to Night,
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To th'tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you: You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE A Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. **W**AS there ever Man had such luck! when
I kiss'd the *Jack* upon an Up-cast, to be hit
away! I had an hundred Pound on't; and then a whor-
son Jack-an-Apes must take me up for swearing, as if I
had borrow'd mine Oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my Pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his Pate
with your Bowl.

2 Lord. If his Wit had been like him that broke it; it
would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
for any standers by to curtail his Oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord: Nor crop the Ears of them.

Clot. Whorson Dog! I give him Satisfaction? Would
he had been one of my Rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a Fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the Earth,—
a Pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am; they
dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mo-
ther; every Jack-slave hath his Belly full of Fighting,
and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body
can match.

2 Lord. You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you
crow Cock, with your Comb. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake
every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No: I know that: But it is fit I should com-
mit Offence to my Inferiors.

2 Lord

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to Night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't? (not.

2 Lord. He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it

1 Lord. There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus's* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*! A banished Rascal; and he's another, wherefoe'er he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 Lord. One of your Lordship's Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 Lord. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being Foolish, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: What I have lost to Day at Bowls, I'll win to Night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship. [Exit Clot.

That such a crafty Devil as his Mother,
Should yield the World this Ass; A Woman, that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
Cannot take two from twenty for his Heart,
And leave Eighteen. Alas, poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourly coining Plots; a Wooer,
More hateful than the foul Expulsion is
Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
Of the divorce—he'll make the Heav'ns hold firm
The Walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd
That Temple thy fair Mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord: And this great Land. [Exe.

SCENE II. *A magnificent Bed-chamber, in one Part of it a large Trunk.*

Imogen is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? My Woman *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What Hour is it?

Lady. Almost Midnight, Madam.

Imo.

Imo. I have read three Hours then, mine Eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left, to Bed ———
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou can'st awake by four o'th' Clock,
I pry' thee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your Protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the Night,
Guard me, beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*]

[*Iachimo rises from the Trunk,*

Iach. The Crickets sing, and Man's o'er-labour'd Sense
Repairs it self by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytheria,*
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed! Fresh Lissy,
And whiter than the Sheets! That I might touch,
But kils, one kils ——— Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't: ——— 'Tis her Breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: The Flame o'th' Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her Lids,
To see th' inclosed Lights now Canopy'd
Under the Windows, white and azure, lac'd
With Blue of Heav'n's own tinct—but my design's
To Note the Chamber ——— I will write all down
Such, and such Pictures — there the Window, — such
Th' Adornment of her Bed—the Arras, Figures—
Why such, and such—and the Contents o'th' Story—
Ah, but some natural Notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventory.
O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chapel lying. Come off, come off. ———

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience does within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left Breast
A Mole Cinque-spotted ——— Like the Crimson Drops
I'th' bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law could make: This Secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the Lock, and ta'en

B

The

The Treasure of her Honour. No more—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my Memory. She hath been reading late,
 The Tale of *Ierem*, here the Leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomele* gave up ——— I have enough,
 To th' Trunk again, and shut the Spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the Night, that dawning
 May bear the Raven's Eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here. [*Clock Strikes.*
 One, two, three: Time, time.

[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*

S C E N E III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient Man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any Man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every Man patient, after the noble
 Temper of your Lordship; you are most hot and furious,
 when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any Man into Courage: If I
 could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough:
 It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musick would come: I am advis'd to
 give her Musick a Mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, Tune; if you can penetrate here with your
 Fingering, so; we'll try with Tongue too; if none will
 do, let her remain: But I'll never give o'er. First, a very
 excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet
 Air, with admirable rich Words to it, and then let her
 consider.

S O N G.

*Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His Steeds to Water at those Springs
 On chalic'd Flow'rs that lyes:
 And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden Eyes
 With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
 Arise, arise.*

So,

So, get you gone—If this penetrate, I will consider your Musick the better: If it do not, it is a Vice in her Ears, which Horse-Hairs, and Cats-Guts, nor the Voce of unpav'd Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the Reason I was up so early: He cannot chuse but take this Service I have done, Fatherly. Good Morrow to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the Door of our stern Daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musicks, but she vouchsafes no Notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must wear the Print of his Remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no Vantages; that may Prefer you to his Daughter: Frame your self To orderly Solicits, and befriended With aptness of the Season; make Denials Encrease your Services; so seem as if You are inspir'd to do those Duties which You tender to her: That you in all obey her, Save when Command to your Dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no Fault of his: We must receive him According to the Honour of his Sender, And towards himself, his Goodness fore-spent on We must extend our Notice: our dear Son, When you have given good Morning to your Mistress, Attend the Queen, and us, we shall have need

T'employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen,
[*Exeunt.*

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; If not,
Let her lye still, and dream: By your leave ho!
I know her Women are about her ——— what
If I do line one of their Hands ——— 'tis Gold
Which buys Admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their Deer to th' stand o'th' Stealer: And 'tis Gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the Thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both Thief and Trueman: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her Women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not understand the Case my self.
By your leave.

[*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Son.

Lady. That's more

Than some whole Tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your Lordship's Pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's Person, is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good Report.

Lady. How, my good Name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good Morrow Fairest, Sister your sweet Hand,

Imo. Good Morrow. Sir, you lay out too much Pains
For purchasing but Trouble: the Thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of Thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your Recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no Answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I wou'd

I would not speak. I pray you spare me, Faith
 I shall unfold equal Discourtesy
 To your best Kindness: One of your great knowing
 Should learn, being taught, Forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my Sin,
 I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad Folks.

Clot. Do you call me Fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.
 That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
 You put me to forget a Lady's Manners
 By being so verbal. And learn now for all,
 That I which know my heart, do here pronounce
 By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
 And am so near the lack of Charity
 To accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather
 You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your Father; for
 The Contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold Dishes,
 With scraps o'th' Court, it is no Contract, none;
 And tho' it be allow'd in meaner Parties,
 Yet who than he more mean, to knit their Souls
 On whom there is no more dependency
 But Brats and Beggary, in self-figur'd knot,
 Yet you are curb'd from that Enlargement by
 The Consequence o'th' Crown, and must not soil
 The precious Note of it; with a base Slave,
 A Hilding for a Livery, a Squire's Cloth,
 A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow;
 Wert thou the Son of Jupiter, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his Groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your Virtues, to be still'd
 The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The South-fog rot him.

Imo. He never can meet more Mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clipt his Body, is dearer
In my respect, than all the Hairs above thee,
Were they all made such Men. How now, *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the Devil.

Imo. To *Derothy*, my Woman, hye thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Fool,
Frighted and angried worse——Go bid my Woman
Search for a Jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy Master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenue
Of any King's in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this Morning; confident I am,
Last Night 'twas on my Arm; I kill'd it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kill'd ought but him.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me—His meanest Garment?

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call Witnesses to't.

Clot. I will inform your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too;

She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of Discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;

His meanest Garment?——Well.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Rome.*

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present Winter's stare, and wish
That warmer Days would come; in these fear'd Hopes
I barely

I barely gratify your Love; they failing
I must die much your Debtor.

Phil. Your very Goodness, and your Company,
O'erpay's all I can do. By this your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's Commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute; send th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their Grief.

Post. I do believe.
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have Tidings
Of any Penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are Men more order'd than when *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lack of Skill, but found their Courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline,
Now mingled with their Courages, will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the World.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts have posted you by Land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,
To make your Vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the Briefness of your Answer made
The speediness of your Return.

Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that ever I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her Beauty
Look through a Casement to allure false Hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their Tenure good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing ?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold ;
I'll make a Journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second Night of such sweet Shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.

Post. The Stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your Loss, your Sport ; I hope you know that we
Must not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep Covenant ; had I not brought
The Knowledge of your Mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther ; but I now
Profess my self the winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring ; and not the Wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your Wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tal'd her in Bed ; my Hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foul Opinion
You had of her poor Honour, gains, or loses
Your Sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumstances
Being so near the Truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe ; whose strength
I will confirm with Oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her Bed-chamber,
Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth Watching, it was hang'd
With Tapestry of Silk and Silver ; the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cidnus* swell'd above the Banks, or for

The

The Prefs of Boats, or Pride: A Piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought,
Since the true Life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my Knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your Honour Injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing; never saw I Figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise read,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roof o'th' Chamber
With golden Cherubims is fretted. Her Andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking *Capids*
Of Silver, each on one Foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honour;
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and Praise
Be given to your Remembrance, the Description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The Wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelets.*]
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel: See!——
And now 'tis up again; it must be married.
To that your Diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. *Jove!*——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She strip'd it from her Arm, I see her yet.
Her pretty Action did out-sell her Gift,

And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Pest. May be, she pluck'd it off
To lend it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Pest. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine Eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour,
Where there is Beauty, Truth, where Semblance, Love,
Where there's another Man. The Vows of Women
Of no more Bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Virtues; which is nothing;
O, above Measure false! —

Phil. Have Patience, Sir,
And take your Ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her Women, being corrupted,
Hath stoln it from her.

Pest. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my Ring,
Render to me some corporal Sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her Arm.

Pest. Hark you, he swears, by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true—may keep the Ring—'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her Attendants are
All sworn and honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a Stranger! — no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her Incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the Name of Whore, thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of —

Pest. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her Breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my Life

I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your Arithmetick.
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.

Iach. I'll be sworn ———

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i'th Court before
Her Father ——— I'll do something ——— [Exit.

Pbil. Quite besides
The Government of Patience. You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present Wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my Heart.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable Man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where,
When I was stamp't. Some Coiner with his Tools
Made me a Counterfeit; yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this—Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawful Pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft Forbearance; did it with
A Prudency so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn* ———
That I thought her
As chaste as unsun'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an Hour ——— was't not? ———
Or less, at first? Perchance spoke not, but
Like a full acorn'd Boar, a *German* one,

Cry'd

Cry'd oh, and mounted; found no Opposition
 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
 Should from Encounter guard. Could I find out
 The Woman's Part in me, for there's no Motion
 That tends to Vice in Man; but I affirm
 It is the Woman's Part; be it lying, note it,
 The Woman's! Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers;
 Lust, and rank Thoughts, hers, hers; Revenges hers;
 Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Dildain,
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability:
 All Faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows
 Why hers, in part, or all; or rather all. For even to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them.
 Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their Will;
 The very Devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Palace.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one Door: and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. **N**OW say, what wou'd *Augustus Caesar* with us?
Luc. When *Julius Caesar*, whose Remembrance yet

Lives in Mens Eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues:
 Be Theam, and hearing ever, was in this *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine Uncle,
 Famous in *Caesar's* Praises, no whit less
 Than in his Feats deserving it for him
 And his Succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand Pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And to kill the marvail,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cesars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Fritain's* a World
 By it self, and we will nothing pay

For

For wearing our own Noses.

Queen. That Opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again; remember, Sir, my Leige,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The natural Bravery of your Isle, which stands
As *Neptune's* Park ribbed, and paled in
With Oaks unscalable, and rearing Waters,
With Sand that will not bear your Enemies Boats,
But suck them up to th' Top mast. A kind of Conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, came, and saw, and overcame, with shame,
The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten; and his Shipping,
Poor ignorant Baubles, on our terrible Seas,
Like Egg shells, mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For Joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,
Oh giglet Fortune! to Master *Cæsar's* Sword,
Made *Lud's Town* with rejoicing Fires bright,
And *Britains* strut with Courage.

Cl. t. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our
Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I
said, there is no more such *Cæsars*; other of them may
have crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Cl. t. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard
as *Cassibelan*, I do not say I am one; but I have a
hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If
Cæsar can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket or put
the Moon in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for
Light; else, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know.

'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar's* Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' World, against all Colour here,
Did put the Yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike People, whom we reckon
Our selves to be? we do. Say then to *Cæsar*,
Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whole use the Sword of *Cæsar*

Hath

Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and franchise,
 Shall by the Power we hold be our good deed, [Laws:
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made our
 Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put
 His Brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
 ♥ Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*,
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*,
Caesar that hath more Kings his Servants, than
 Thy self Domestick Officers, thine Enemy.
 Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion
 In *Caesar's* Name pronounce I 'gainst thee : Look
 For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Caius*,
 Thy *Caesar* Knighted me; my Youth I spent
 Much under him: Of him, I gather'd Honour,
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
 Their Liberties, are now in Arms: A Precedent
 Which not to read, would shew the *Britains* cold:
 So *Caesar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let Proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you Welcome. Make Pastime
 with us a Day or two, or longer: If you seek us af-
 terwards in other terms, you shall find us in our Salt-
 water Girdle: If you beat us out of it, it is yours: If
 you fall in the Adventure, our Crows shall fare the bet-
 ter for you: And there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine:
 All the Remain, is welcome. [Exeunt.

Enter *Pisanio* reading a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
 What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus*!
 Oh Master, what a strange Infection
 Is fall'n into thy Ear? What false *Italian*,
 As poisonous tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal? No,
 She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
 More Goddess-like, than Wife-like, such Assaults

As

As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
 Thy Mind to her, is now as low, as were
 Thy Fortunes: How? That I should Murther her,
 Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows, which I
 Have made to thy Command! — I her! — Her Blood!
 If it be so, to do good Service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack Humanity,
 So much as this Fact comes to? *Do't—the Letter*

[*Reading.*

*That I have sent her, by her own Command,
 Shall give the Opportunity. Oh damn'd Paper!
 Black as Ink that's on thee: Senseless Bauble!
 Art thou a Foedarie for this act; thou look'st
 So Virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.*

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisano*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
 That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
 He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
 Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
 Of my Lord's Health, of his Content, yet not
 That we two are asunder; let that grieve him:
 Some Grievs are medicinable, that is one of them,
 For it doth physick Love, of his Content,
 All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
 You Bees that make these Locks of Counsel. Lovers,
 And Men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike,
 Though Forfeitures you cast in Prison, yet
 You clasp young *Cupid's* Tables: good News, Gods.

Reading.

Justice, and your Father's Wrath, should he take me in
 his Dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh
 the dearest of Creatures, would even renew me with your
 Eyes. Take notice that I am in *Cambria* at *Milford-Haven*:
 What your own Love will cut of this advise you, fol-
 low. So he wishes you all Happiness, that remains Loyal
 to his Vow, and your increasing in Love.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh

Oh for a Horse with Wings? Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*. Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean Affairs
 May plod it in a Week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st,
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
 But in a fainter kind—Oh not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond—say, and speak thick:
 Love's Counsellor should fill the Bores of Hearing
 To th' smothering of the Sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*? And by th' way
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a Haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence: And for the Gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going,
 And our return, to excuse—but first, how get hence.
 Why should Excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
 How many Score of Miles may we well ride:
 'T'wixt Hour and Hour?

Pis. One Score 'twixt Sun, and Sun, Madam's enough for you: And too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding Wagers,
 Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands,
 That runs i' th' Clocks behalf. But this is Foolery.
 Go, bid my Women feign a Sicknes, say
 She'll home to her Father, and provide me present
 A riding Suit: No costlier than would fit
 A *Franklin's* Housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, Man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a Fog in them,
 That I cannot look thorough. Away, I prithee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but *Milford* way:

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Forest with a Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly Day, not to keep House with such,

Whose

Whose Roof's as low as ours: See, Boys! this Gate
 Instructs you how t'adore the Heav'ns; and bows you
 To a morning's holy Office. The Gates of Monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that Giants may get through
 And keep their impious Turbans on, without
 Good Morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n,
 We house i' th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
 As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arv. Hail, Heav'n!

Bel. Now for our Mountain Sport, up to yond Hill,
 Your Legs are young: I'll tread these Flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a Crow,
 That it is Place which lessens and sets off,
 And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,
 Of Courts of Princess, of the tricks in War,
 This Service, is not Service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often to our Comfort, shall we find
 The sharded Beetle, in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this Life,
 Is nobler than attending for a Check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a Bauble;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for Silk:
 Such gain the Cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his Book uncross'd; no Life to ours.

Guid. Out of your Proof you speak; we poor unfledg'd
 Have never wing'd from view o' th' Nest; nor know not
 What Air's from Home. Hap'ly this Life is best,
 If quiet Life is best; sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known: well corresponding
 With your stiff Age; but unto us it is
 A Cell of Ignorance; travelling a-Bed,
 A Prisoner or a Debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The Rain and Wind beat dark *December*? How,
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing Hours away? we have seen nothing,

We

We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for Prey,
Like warlike as the Wolf; for what we eat:
Our Valour is to chase what flies, our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak?

Did you but know the City's Usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the Art o' th' Court,
As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
The Fear's as bad as Falling: The Toil o' th' War,
A Pain, that only seems to seek out Danger
I' th' name of Fame, and Honour; which dies i' th' search
And hath as oft a slanderous Epitaph,
As Record of fair act; nay, many time
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story
The World may read in me: My Body's mark'd
With *Roman* Swords; and my Report was once
First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
And when a Soldier was the Theam, my Name
Was not far off: Then was I as a Tree
Whose Boughs did bend with fruit. But in one Night,
A Storm or Robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves,
And left me bare to Weather.

Guid. Uncertain Favour!

Bel. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two Villians, whose false Oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect Honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the *Romans*: So
Follow'd my Banishment, and this twenty Years,
This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
Where I have liv'd at honest Freedom, pay'd
More pious Debts to Heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my time---But, up to th' Mountains,
This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be Lord o' th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no Poison, which attends
In place of greater State:

I'll meet you in the Valleys.

[*Exeunt.*

How hard it is to hide the Sparks of Nature?

These Boys know little they are Sons to th' King,

Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive

They think they are mine, and tho' train'd up thus meanly

I th' Cave, where, on the Bow, their Thoughts do hit

The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them

In simple and low things, to Prince it, much

Beyond the Trick of others. This *Polydor*,

The Heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom

The King his Father call'd *Guiderius Jove*!

When on my three-foot Stool I sit, and tell

The warlike Feats I have done, his Spirits fly out

Into my Story: Say, thus mine Enemy fell,

And thus I set my Foot on's Neck, even then

The princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my Words. The younger Brother *Cadwall*,

Once *Arviragus*, in as like a Figure

Strikes Life into my Speech, and shews much more

His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd—

Oh *Cymbeline*! Heav'n and my Conscience knows

Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon

At three and two Years old, I stole these Babes,

Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as

Thou rest'st me of my Lands, *Euriphile*,

Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their Mother,

And every day do Honour to her Grave;

My self *Bellarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,

They take for natural Father. The Game is up [Exit.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

[Place

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from Horse the

Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother so

To see me first, as I have now—*Pisanio*!

Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy Mind

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that Sigh

From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd

Beyond self-explication. Put thy self

Into a 'haviour of less Fear, ere Wildness

Vanquish my steadier Senses. What's the Matter?

Why

Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
 A Look untender? If't be Summer News,
 Smile to't before, if Winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that Count'nance still. My Husband's Hand?
 That drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, Man; thy Tongue
 May take off some Extremity, which to read
 Woud be even Mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
 And you shall find me, wretched Man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY Mistress, *Pisanio*, hath play'd the Strumpet in
 my Bed: The Testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me.
 I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from Proof as strong
 as my Grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That
 part thou *Pisanio*, must at for me, if thy Faith be not
 tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own Hands take
 away her Life: I shall give thee opportunity at *Milford-*
Haven. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou
 fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the
 Pander to her Dishonour, and equally to me Disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
 Hath cut her Throat already. No, 'tis Slander,
 Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
 Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, whose Breath
 Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye
 All Corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
 Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
 This viperous Slander enters. What chear, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed! What is it to be false?
 To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
 To weep 'twixt Clock and Clock? If Sleep charge Nature,
 To break it with a fearful Dream of him,
 And cry my self awake? that's false to's Bed, is it?

Pis. Alas good Lady!

Imo. I false? thy Conscience witness *Iachimo*,
 Thou didst accuse him of Incontinency,
 Thou then look'st like a Villain: Now, methinks,
 Thy Favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
 Whose Mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Poor

Poor I am stale, a Garment out of Fashion,
 And for I am richer than to hang by th' Walls,
 I must be ript; to pieces with me: Oh,
 Mens Vows are Womens Traitors. All good seeming
 By thy Revolt, oh Husband, shall be thought
 Put on for Villany, not born where't grows,
 But worn a Bait for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me —

Imo. True honest Men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
 Were in his time thought false: and *Synon's* weeping
 Did scandal many a holy Tear; took pity
 From most true Wretchedness. So thou *Posthumus*,
 Wilt lay the leven to all proper Men;
 Goodly and Gallant, shall be False and Perjur'd,
 From thy great fall: Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy Master's bidding. When thou seest him,
 A little witness my Obedience. Look,
 I draw the Sword my self, take it, and hit
 The innocent Mansion of my Love, my Heart,
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief:
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
 The Riches of it. Do his bidding strike,
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better Cause:
 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence, vile Instrument,
 Thou shall not damn my Hand.

Imo. Why, I must die,
 And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art
 No Servant of thy Master's. Against Self-slaughter
 There is a Prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak Hand: Come here's my Heart—
 Something's afore't—Soft, soft, we'll no defence;

[Opening her Breast.

Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,
 The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,
 All turn'd to Herefie? Away, away,

[Pulling his Letter out of her Bosom.

Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
 Be Stomachers to my Heart: Thus may poor Fools
 Believe false Teachers: Though those that are betray'd
 Do feel the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor

Stands

Stands in worse case of Woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
 That didst set up my Disobedience 'gainst the King
 My Father, and mad'st me put into contempt the Suits
 Of Princely Fellows; shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of Common Passage, but
 A strain of Rareness. And I grieve my self,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
 That now thou tirest on, how thy Memory
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee dispatch,
 The Lamb intreats the Butcher, Where's the Knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy Master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!
 Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine Eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
 So many Miles, with a Pretence? this Place?
 Mine Action? and thine own? our Horses Labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose Return; why hast thou gone so far
 To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 Th' elect'd Deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad Employment. in the which
 I have consider'd of a Course; good Lady,
 Hear me with Patience.

Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak;
 I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine Ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater Wound,
 Nor Tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;
 But if I were as wise, as honest, then
 My Purpose would prove well; it cannot be,

But

But that my Master is abus'd, some Villain,
Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This curst Injury.

Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my Life;

I'll give him Notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody Sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so; you shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good Fellow;
What shall I do the while? Where bid? How live?
Or in my Life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That *Cloten*; whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a Seige.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in *Britain*? I'th' World's Volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great Pool a Swan's Nest. Prithee think
There's Livers out of *Britain*.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other Place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a Mind
Dark as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t'appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-darger, you should tread a Course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
The Residence of *Pesthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his Action were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your Ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh for such means,
Though Peril to my Modesty, not Death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the Point:

You

You must forget to be a Woman, change
 Command in Obedience. Fear and Niceness,
 The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
 Woman it's pretty self, into a waggish Courage,
 Ready in Gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
 As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you must
 Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,
 Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart,
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy Touch
 Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
 Your labour-some and dainty Trims, wherein
 You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
 A Man already.

Pis. First, make your self but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From Youth of such a Season, 'fore Noble *Lucius*
 Present your self, desire his Service; tell him
 Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
 If that his Head have Ear in Musick, doubtless
 With Joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad;
 You have me rich, and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the Comfort
 The Gods will diet me with. Prithee away.
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us. This attempt
 I am Soldier to, and will abide it with
 A Prince's Courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell.
 Lest being mis'd, I be suspected of
 Your Carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
 Here is a Box, I had it from the Queen,
 What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,
 Or Stomach qualm'd at Land, a dram of this
 Will drive away Distemper. To some Shade,
 And fit you to your Manhood; may the Gods

Direct

Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir;

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Master's Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his Yoke; and for our self
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-King like.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A Conduct over Land, to *Milford-Haven*.
Madam, all joy besal your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:
So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your Hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly, but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event
Is yet to name the Winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have cross'd the *Severn*. Happiness. [*Ex. Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him Cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britains* have their Wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness;
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to Head, from whence he moves
His War for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy Business,
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our Expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,

C

Where

Where is our Daughter; she has not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The Duty of the Day. She looks as like
A thing more made of Malice, than of Duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too light in Sufferance.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the Exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her Life been; the Cure whereof my Lord,
'Tis Time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp Speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of Rebukes, that Words are Strokes,
And Strokes Death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
Can her Contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you, Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no Answer
That will be given to the loudest Noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her Infirmary.
She should that Duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in Memory,

Cym. Her Doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant Heavens, that which I fear
Prove false.

Queen. Son, I say; follow the King.

Clot. I hat Man of hers, *Pisano*, her old Servant
I have not seen these two Days..

Queen. Go, look after——

Pisano, thou that stand st so for *Posthumus*!—
He has a Drug of mine; I pray, his abience
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply Despair hath seized her;
Or wing'd with Fervor of her Love, she's flown
To her desired *Posthumus*; gone she is
To Death, or to Dishonour, and my end

[Exit.

[Exit

Can

Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may

This Night forestall him of the coming Day. [*Exit Queen*]

Clot. I love and hate her; for she's fair and Royal,
And that she hath all courtly Parts more exquisite
Than Lady, Lady's Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore; but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, flanders so her Judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that Point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when Fools——

Enter Pisanio.

Who here? What are you packing, Sirrah?
Come hither; Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? in a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close Villain,
I'll have this Secret from thy Heart, or rip
Thy Heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many weights of Baseness, cannot
A Dram of Worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,

How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfy me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy Villain!
Discover where thy Mistress is, at once,
At the next Word; no more of worthy Lord.

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy Condemnation and thy Death.

Pis. Then, Sir.

This Paper is the History of my Knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't ; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus's* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

[*Aside.*

She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his Travel, not her Danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she is dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe Return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus's* Hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but to do me true Service ; un-
dergo those Employments wherein I should have cause to
use thee with a serious Industry, that is, what villainy so-
e'er I bid thee do to perform it, direct'y and truly, I would
think thee an honest Man ; thou should'st neither want my
means for thy Relief ; nor my Voice for thy Preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and con-
stantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar
Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of Gratitude, but
be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy Hand, here's my Purse. Hast any of
thy late Master's Garments in thy Possession ?

Pis. I have my Lord at the Lodging, the same Suit he
wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistress.

Clot. The first Service thou dost me, fetch that Suit
hither ? let it be thy first Service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford-Haven* ? I forgot to ask him
one thing, I'll remember't anon ; even there, thou Villain,
Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these Garments were
come. She said upon a time, the Bitterness of it I now
belch from my Heart, that she held the very Garment of
Posthumus, in more respect, than my Noble and Natural
Person;

Person; together with the Adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my Back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her Eyes——there shall she see my Valour, which will then be a Torment to her Contempt. He on the Ground, my Speech of Insultment ended on his dead Body, and when my Lust hath dined, which as I say to vex her, I will execute in the Cloaths that she so prais'd; to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a Suit of Cloaths.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my Design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender it self to thee. My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had Wings to follow it. Come and be true. [Exit.]

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To *Milford* go, And find not her, whom thou purloinest. Flow, flow, You heavenly Blessings on her: This Fool's Speed Be crost with slowness; Labour be his Meed, [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boys Cloaths.

Imo. I see a Man's Life is a tedious one, I have tired my self; and for two Nights together Have made the Ground my Bed. I should be sick, But that my Resolution helps me: *Milford*, When from the Mountain Top *Pisanio* shew'd thee, Thou wast within a Ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A Punishment, or Trial? Yes, no wonder,

When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness
 Is sorer than to lie for Need; and Falshood
 Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,
 Thou art one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,
 My Hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for Food, But what is this? [*Seeing the Cave.*
 Here is a Path to't — 'tis some Savage hold;
 I were best not call; I dare not call; yet Famine
 Ere it clean o'er-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and Peace breeds Cowards, Hardness ever
 Of Hardiness is Mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if Savage,
 Take, or lend—Ho! no Answer! then I'll enter.
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 Put fear my Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a Foe, good Heav'ns, [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and
 Are Master of the Feast; *Cadwall* and I
 Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
 The sweat of Industry would dry, and die
 But for the end it works to. Come, our Stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savourly; Weariness
 Can snore upon the Flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the Down Pillow hard. Now Peace be here,
 Poor House, that keeps thy self.

Guid. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with Toil, yet strong in Appetite.

Guid. There is cold Meat i' th' Cave, we'll brouze on that
 Whilst that we have kill'd be cook'd,

Bel. Stay, come not in ——— [*Looking in.*
 But that it eats our Victuals, I should think
 He were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the Matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel! or if not,
 An Earthly Paragon. behold Divineness
 No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Master harm me not;
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
 I have

I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'th' Floor. Here's Money for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Board so soon
As I had made my Meal: and parted
With Prayers for the Provider.

Guid. Money, Youth?

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my Fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your Name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir; I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*! He embark'd at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almost spent with Hunger,
I am saln in this Offence.

Bel. Pry'thee, fair Youth,
Think us no Churls; Nor measure our good Minds
By this rude Place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
'Tis almost Night, you shall have better Chear
Ere you depart, and Thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a Woman, Youth.
I should woe hard, but be your Groom in honesty;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my Comfort
He is a Man, I'll love him as my Brother:
And such a Welcome as I'd give to him,
After long Absence, such is yours. Most welcome:
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends, [*Aside.*]
If Brothers: Would it had been so, that they
Had been my Father's Sons, then had my Prize
Been less, and so more equal balasting
To thee *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some Distress.

Guid. Would I could free't.

Arv. Or I, what e'er it be,

What Pain it cost, what Danger ; Gods !

Bel. Hark, Boys.

[*Whispering.*

Imo. Great Men,

That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the Virtue
Which their own Conscience sealed them ; laying by
That Nothing-gift of different Multitudes
Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair, you come in ;
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have sup'd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray draw near.

Arv. The Night to th' Owl.

And Morn to th' Lark less welcome

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray draw near.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Rome.*

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the Tenor of the Emperor's Writ ;
That since the common Men are now in Action
'Gainst the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars against
The fal'n-off *Britains*, that we do incite
The Gentry to this Business. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consul : and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* General of the Forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia* ?

1 Sen. With those Legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant : the Words of your Commission
Will tie you to the Numbers and the Time
Of their Dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our Duty.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE The Forest.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I Am near to th' Place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments serve me! Why should his Mistress who was made by him, that made the Tailor, not be fit too? the rather; saving Reverence of the Word, for 'tis said, a Woman's Fitness comes by Fits: Therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak it to my self, for it is Vain-glory for a Man and his Glasse, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the Advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in general Services, and more remarkable in single Oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy Head, which is now growing upon thy Shoulders, shall within this Hour be off, thy Mistress enforced, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy Face; and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my Mother having power of his Testiness, shall turn all into my Commendations. My Horse is ty'd up safe, out Sword, and to a fore purpose; Fortune put them into my Hand; this is the very Description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.]*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave, We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arv. Brother stay here:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So Man and Man should be,
But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity,
Whose Dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, e'er sick: So please you, leave me.

'tick to your Journal course; the breach of Custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no Comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here!
I'll rob none but my self, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the Quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoak me
In my Brother's Fault: I know not why
I love this Youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason. The Bier at Door,
And a Demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My Father, not this Youth.

Bel. Oh noble strain!
O Worthiness of Nature, Breed of Greatness!
"Cowards father Cowards, and base things, Sire base:
"Nature hath Meal and Bran; Contempt and Grace.
I'm not their Father, yet who this should be
Doth Miracle it self; lov'd before me!
'Tis the ninth Hour o'th' Morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell,

Imo. I wish you sport.

Arv. You health——So please you, Sir. [heard?]

Imo. These are kind Creatures. Gods, what Lies I have
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou disprov'st Report.
Th' imperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:
I am sick still, heart sick——*Pisanio,*
I'll now taste of thy Drug. [Drinks out of the Vial]

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest,

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our Housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

[*Exit.*

Bel. And shalt be ever.
This Youth, howe'er distressed, appears he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arv. How Angel-like he sings?

Guid. But his neat Cookery?

Arv. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And sauc'd our Broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her Dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A Smiling with a Sigh: as if the Sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile;
The Smile mocking the Sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With Winds that Sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That Grief and Patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their Spurs together.

Arv. Grow Patience,
And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing Root, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great Morning. Come away, who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain
Hath mock'd me, I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the Son o' th' Queen; I fear some Ambush—
I saw him not these many Years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one? you and my Brother search
What Companies are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*

Clot. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? Some Villain-Mountainers—
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering.

A Slave

A Slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villain; yield thee, Thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An Arm as big as thine? a Heart as big?

Thy Words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My Dagger in my Mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou Villain base,
Know'st me not by my Cloaths?

Guid. No not thy Tailor, Rascal,
Who is thy Grandfather, he made those Cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet!
My Tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The Man that gave them thee. Thou art some Fool,
I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my Name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy Name?

Clot. Cloten, thou Villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double Villain, be thy Name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further Fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wise;
At Fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the Death:
When I have slain thee with my proper Hand,
I'll follow those that ev'n now fled hence,
And on the Gates of *Lud's* Town set your Heads;
Yield Ruslick Mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeant.*]

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad.

Arv. None in the World; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell, long is it since I saw him,

But

But Time hath nothing blurr'd those Lines of Favour
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his Voice,
And burst of speaking were as his : I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this Place we left them ;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to Man ; he had not apprehension
Of roaring Terrors ; For Defect of Judgment
Is oft the Cause of Fear. But see thy Brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty Purse,
There was no Mony in't ; Not *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his Brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had born
My Head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. I am perfect what ; cut off one *Cloten's* Head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his own Hand he'd take us in,
Displace our Heads, where, Thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And set them on *Lud's* Town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our Lives ? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of Flesh threat us ?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself ?
For we do fear no Law. What Company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single Soul

Can we set Eye on ; but in-all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honour
Was nothing but Mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; Not Frenzy,
Not absolute Madnes could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone, although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger Head, the which he hearing,

As it is like him, might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this Body hath a Tail
 More perilous than the Head.

Arv. Let Ord'nance
 Come, as the Gods foresay it, howso'er
 My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this Day: The Boy *Fidele's* Sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own Sword,
 Which he did wave against my Throat, I have ta'en
 His Head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
 Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
 And tell the Fishes, he's the Queen's Son, *Cloten*,
 That's all I reak. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear it will be reveng'd:
 Would, *Polidore*, thou hadst not done't: though Valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
 So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*,
 I love thee Brotherly, but envy much
 Thou hast robb'd me of this Deed; I would Revenges
 That possible Strength might meet, would seek us thro'
 And put us to our Answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
 We'll hunt no more to Day, nor seek for Danger
 Where there's no Profit. I prithee to our Rock,
 You and *Fidele* play the Cooks: I'll stay
 'Till hasty *Polidore* return, and bring him
 To Dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!
 I'll willingly to him; to gain his Colour
 I'd let a Parish of such *Clotens* Blood,
 And praise my self for Charity.

Bel. O thou Goddess,
 Thou divine Nature! thy self thou blazon'st
 In these two Princely Boys: they are as gentle
 As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
 Not wagging his sweet Head; and yet, as rough,

Their

Their Royal Blood enchas'd, as the rud'st Wind,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vail. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible Instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; Valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: yet still 'tis strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends.
Or what his Death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?

I have sent *Cloten's* Clot-pole down the Stream,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Body's Hostage
For his Return.

[*Solemn Musick.*]

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
Hark *Polidore*, it sounds: But what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hark.

Guid. Is he at Home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?

Since death of my dear'st Mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Shou'd answer solemn Accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys,
Is Jollity for Apes, and Grief for Boys:
Is *Cadwell* mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes.

And brings the dire occasion in his Arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The Bird is dead

That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen Years of Age, to sixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly!

My Brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. Oh Melancholy.

Who

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? Find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish Care
Might easiliest harbour in! Thou blessed thing,
Jove knows what Man thou might'st have made: but ah?
Thou dy'dst, a most rare Boy, of Melancholy,
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's Dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheek
Reposing on a Cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' th' Floor:

His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whose Rudeness
Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;

If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed;
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest Flow'rs,

Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave: thou shalt not lack
The Flow'r that's like thy Face, pale *Primrose*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-Bell*, like thy Veins; no nor
The Leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetn'd not thy Breath; the Raddock would
With charitable Bill (Oh Bill sore shaming
Those rich-left Heirs, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flow'rs are none
To Winter-ground thy Coarse——

Guid. Prithee have done.

And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with Admiration, what
Is now due Debt. To th' Grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Polidore*, though now our Voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the Ground.

As once to our Mother : use like Note, and Words,
Save that *Euripbile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. *Cadwall*,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For Notes of Sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than Priests, and Vanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great Griefs I see med'cine the less. For *Cloten*,
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that : The Mean, and Mighty, rotting
Together, have one Dust, yet Reverence,
The angel of the World, doth make Distinction
Of place 'twixthigh and low. Our Foe was princely.
And though you took his Life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray thee fetch him hither.

Thersites Body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our Song the whilst : Brother begin.

Guid. Nay, *Cadwall*, we must lay his Head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the Heat o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages.
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and take thy Wages,
Golden Lads and Girls all must
As Chimney Sweepers come to Dust.

Arv. Fear no more the Frown o' th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to Cloath and Eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak :
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow this and come to Dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning Flash.

Arv. Nor th' all dreaded Thunder-stone.

Arv.

Guid. *Fear no Slander, Censure rash.*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd Joy and Moan.*

Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to Dust.*

Guid. *No Exorciser harm thee.*

Arv. *Nor no Witchcraft charm thee.*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee.*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee.*

Both. *Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy Grave.*

Enter Bellarius with the Body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our Obsequies :

Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few Flowr's, but about Midnight more ;
The Herbs that have on them cold Dew o' th' Night,
Are strewings fitt' t for Graves: upon their Faces—
You were as Flowr's, now wither'd even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our Knees——
The Ground that gave them first, has them again :
Their Pleasures here are past, so are their Pain. [*Exeunt.*

Imogen awakes.

Yes, Sir, to *Milford Haven*, which is the way?—
I thank you---by yond Bush---pray how far thither?—
'Ods pittkins——can it be six Mile yet?——
I have gone all Night——'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
But soft ! no Bedfellow!——Oh Gods, and Goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*

The Flowr's are like the Pleasures of the World ;
This bloody Man the Care on't. I hope I dream ;
For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper.
And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so :
'T was but a Bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very Eyes,
Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith
I tremble still with Fear ; but if there be
Yet left in Heav'n, as small a drop of Pity
As a Wren's Eye : fear'd Gods ! a part of it !
The Dream's here still ; even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless Man!——The Garments of *Posthumus* ?
I know

I know the shape of a Leg, this is his Hand,
 His Foot Mercurial, his Martial Thigh,
 The Brawns of *Hercules*: But his Jovial Face—
 Murther in Heav'n!—How;—'tis gone—*Pisanio*!—
 All Cusses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
 Conspir'd with that irregulous Devil *Cloten*,
 Have here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged Letters—damn'd *Pisanio*——
 From this most bravest Vessel of the World
 Struck the main top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy Head? where's that? Ay me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the Heart,
 And left his Head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*—
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and Lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And Cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the Senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale Cheek with thy Blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
 After your Will, have cross'd the Sea, attending
 You here at *Milford Haven*, with your Ships:
 They are in Readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stir'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next Benefit o' th' Wind.

Luc. This Forwardness

Makes our Hopes fair, Command our present numbers,
 Be mustered, bid the Captains look to't. Now Sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this War's purpose?

Sooth.

Sooth. Last Night the very Gods shew'd me a Vision
(I fast, and prayed for their Intelligence) thus:
I saw *Jove's* Bird, the *Roman* Eagle wing'd
From the Spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beams, which portends,
Unless my Sins abuse my Divination,
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft ho, what Trunk is here?
Without his Top? the Ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy Building. How! a Page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? but dead rather:
For Nature doth abhor to make his Bed
With the Defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the Boy's Face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his Body. Young one,
Inform us of the Fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy Interest
In this sad Wrack? How came't? Who is't?
'What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not.
Nothing to be, were better: This was my Master,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by Mountainers lyes slain: Alas!
There are no more such Masters: I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another Master.

Luc. 'Lack, good Youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy Master in bleeding: Say his Name, good Friend.

Imo. *Richard du Camp*: If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it, Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy Name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same;

Thy

Thy Name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith thy Name.

Wilt take thy change with me? I will not say

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure

No less belov'd. The Roman Emperor's Letters

Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner

Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,

I'll hide my Master from the Flies as deep

As these poor Pickaxes can dig: And when

With wild wood-leaves and Weeds I ha' strew'd his Grave

And on it said a Century of Pray'rs,

Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll Weep, and Sigh,

And leaving so his Service, follow you,

So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good Youth,

And rather Father thee, than Master thee. My Friends,

The Boy hath taught us manly Duties: Let us

Find out the prettiest Dazied-plot we can,

And make him with our Pikes and Partizans

A Grave; come, Arm him: Boy, he is prefer'd

By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd.

As Soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes,

Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E. II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;

A Fever with the Absence of her Son;

A Madness of which her Life's in danger; Heav'ns!

How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*

The great Part of my Comfort, gone! My Queen

Upon a desperate Bed, and in a Time

When fearful Wars point at me! Her Son gone,

So needful for this present! It strikes me, past

The Hope of Comfort. But for thee, Fellow,

Who needs must know of her Departure, and

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee

By a sharp Torture.

Pis. Sir, my Life is yours,

I humbly set it at your Will: But for my Mistress,

I nothing know where she remains; why gone.

Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,

Hold

Hold me your Loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The Day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All Parts of his Subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a Season, but with Jealousie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your Coast, with large Supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen:
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your Preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of.
Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put these Powers in Motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at Chances here. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise
To yield me often Tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplext in all. The Heav'ns still must work;
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present Wars shall find I love my Country,
Even to the Note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them;
All other Doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

S C E N E III. *The Forest.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The Noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arr.

Arv. What Pleasure, Sir, find we in Life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure?

Guid. Nay, what Hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must, or for *Britains* slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* Death, we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the Bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: And so extort from's that
Which we have done whose answer would be Death
Drawn on with Torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a Doubt
In such a Time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* Horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their Eyes
And Ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their Time upon our Note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army; many Years,
Though *Cloten*, then but young, you see, not wore him
From my Remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who find in my Exile the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard Life, aye hopeless
To have the Courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summer's Tanlings, and
The shinking Slaves of Winter.

Guid. Then be so,
Better to cease to be; pray, Sir, to th' Army;
I, and my Brother are not known; your self
So out of Thought, and thereto so o'er grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never

Did

Did see Man die, scarce ever look'd on Blood,
 But that of coward Hares, hot Goats and Venison?
 Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had
 A Rider like my self, who ne'er wore Rowel,
 Nor Iron on his Heel? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy Sun, to have
 The Benefit of his blest Beams; remaining
 So long a poor unknown ———

Guid. By Heav'ns I'll go;
 If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The Hands of *Romans*.

Arv. So say I, *Amen*.

Bel. No Reason I, since of your Lives you set
 So slight a Valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys.
 If in your Country Wars you chance to die,
 That is my Bed too, Lads, and there I'll lye.
 Lead, lead; the Time seems long, their Blood thinks Scorn
 'Till it flie out, and shews them Princes born. [*Exeunt*.



ACT V. SCENE I.

S D E N E *A Field between the British and Roman
 Camps.*

Enter Posthumus with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. **Y**EA bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wisht
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
 If each of you would take this Course, how many [ones
 Must murder Wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisanio*!
 Every good Servant does not all commands ———
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
 Me, Wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack
 You snatch from hence for little Faults; that's love

To

To have them fall no more; you some permit
 To second ill's with ill's, each worse than other,
 And make them dread it, to the Doers thrift;
 But *Imogen* is your own, do your best Wills,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Amongst th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy Mistress: Peace,
 I'll give no Wound to thee; therefore, good Heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my Purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* Weeds, and suit my self
 As does a *Britain* Peasant; so I'll fight
 Against the Part I come with: so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, even for whom my Life
 Is every Breath, a Death; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the Face of Peril,
 My self I'll dedicate. Let me make Men know
 More Valour in me, than my Habit's Show;
 Gods, put the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me;
 To shame the Guise o' th' World, I will begin,
 The Fashion less without, and more within. [Exit.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one Door,
 and the Britain Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus
 following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go
 out. Then enter again in Skirmish Iachimo, and Post-
 humus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and
 then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my Bosom
 Takes off my Manhood; I have bely'd a Lady,
 The Princess of this Country; and the Air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me: Or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my Profession? Knighthoods and Honours born,
 As I wear mine, are Titles but of Scorn;
 If that thy Gentry, *Britain*, go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are Men, and you are Gods. [Exit.

The Battle continues, the Britains fly, Cymbeline is taken; Then enter to his Rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the Advantage of the ground, That Lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but The Villany of our Fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand and fight.

Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britains. They rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, Boy, from the Troops, and save thyself; For Friends kill Friends, and the Disorder's such As War were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh Supplies.

Luc. It is a Day turn'd strangely; or betimes Let's re-inforce or fly. [Exeunt.]

Enter Posthumus, and a Britain Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it seems came from the Fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost, But that the Heav'ns fought: the King himself Of his Wings destitute, the Army broken, And but the Backs of Britains seen; all flying Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted, Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring, having Work More plentiful, than Tools to do't, struck down Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling Meerly through fear, that the straight Pass was damm'd With dead Men, hurt behind, and Cowards living To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the Battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with Turf, Which gave Advantage to an ancient Soldier, An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd So long a breeding, as his white Beard came to, In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane, He, with two Striplings, Lads more like to run The Country base, than to commit such Slaughter, With Faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer

Than

Than those for Preservation cas'd, or shame,
 Made good the Passage, cry'd to those that fled,
 Our *Britains* Hearts die flying, not our Men,
 To Darkness fleet Souls that fly backwards; stand,
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
 Like Beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in front: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many;
 For three Performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word Stand, stand
 Accommodated by the place; more charming
 With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A Distaff to a Lance, gilded pale Looks;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd Coward.
 But by example (O a Sin in War,
 Damn'd in the first Beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lions
 Upon the Pikes o' th' Hunters. Then began
 A stop i' th' Chaser, a Retire; anon
 A Rout, Confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd Eagles: Slaves
 The strides the Victors made; and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The Life o' th' need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded Hearts, Heav'ns, how they wound,
 Some slain before, some dying; some their Friends
 O'er-born i' th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the Slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die or e'er resist, are grown
 The mortal Bugs o' th' Field.

Lord. This was a strange chance;
 A narrow Lane, an old Man, and two Boys.
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for Mock'ry? Here is one:

"Two Boys, an old Man twice a Boy, a Lane
 "Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my Friendship too.
You have put me into Rhyme.

Lord. Farewel, you're angry.

[*Exit.*]

Post. Still going? this is a Lord; oh noble Misery
To be i' th' Field, and ask what News of me;
To-day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died to. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet Words; or hath more Ministers than we
That draw his Knives i' th' War. Well, I will find him;
For being now a Favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my Shoulder. Great the Slaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my Ransom's Death,
On either side I come to spend my Breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old Man, and his Sons were Angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth Man, in a silly Habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay Hands on him; a Dog,
A Leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What Crows have peck'd them here; he brags his Service
As if he were of Note; bring him to the King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus
to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Goaler.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Prison.**Enter Posthumus, and two Goalers.*

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stoln, you have locks upon
So graze, as you find Pasture. [you ;

2 *Goal.* Ay, or a Stomach. [Exeunt Goalers.

Post. Most welcome Bondage ; for thou art a way,
I think to Liberty ; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' Gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By th' sure Physician, Death ; who is the Key
To unbar these Locks. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my Shanks, and Wrists ; you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry ?
So Children temporal Fathers do appeale ;
Gods are more full of Mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better than in Gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd ; to satisfie
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my All,
I know you are more clement than vile Men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement ; that's not my Desire,
For *Imogen's* dear Life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a Life ; you coin'd it ;
'Tween Man and Man, they weigh not every stamp ;
Though light, take Pieces for the Figure's sake,
You rather mine being yours ; and so, great Powers,
If you will take this Audit, take this Life,
And cancel those old Bonds. Oh *Imogen* !
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

Solemn Musick. Enter as in an Apparition Sicilius Leonatus,
Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a Warrior,
leading in his Hand an ancient Matron his Wife, and Mo-
ther to Posthumus, with Musick before them. Then, after
other Musick, follow the two young Leonati, Brothers to
Posthumus, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They
circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more thou Thunder-Master

Shew thy spite on mortal Flies :

With

With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor Boy done aught but well,
Whose Face I never saw?

I dy'd whilst in the Womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.

Whose Father then, (as Men report,
Thou Orphans Father art)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From his Earth-vexing Smart.

Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,

But took me in my Throes,

That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his Foes.

A thing of pity.

Sici. Great Nature, like his Ancestry,

Moulded the stuff so fair;

That he deserv'd the praise o'th' World,
As great *Sicilius'* Heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for Man,

In *Britain* where was he

That could stand up his Parallel,

Or Rival Object be,

In Eye of *Imogen*, that best

Could deem his Dignity?

Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mockt

To be exil'd, and thrown

From *Leonati* Seat, and cast

From her his dearest one:

Sweet *Imogen*!

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,

Slight thing of *Italy*,

To taint his noble Heart and Brain

With needless Jealousy,

And to become the geek and scorn

O'th' others Villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,

Our Parents, and us twain,

That striking in our Country's cause,

Fell bravely, and were slain,

Our Fealty *Tenantius'* Right.

With

With Honour to maintain.

i Bro. Like hardiment *Pesthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd ;

Then *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,

Why hast thou thus adjourn'd,

The Graces for his Merits due,

Being all to Dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy Crystal Window ope ; look out ;

No longer exercise,

Upon a valliant Race, thy harsh

And potent Injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our Son is good,

Take off his Miseries

Sici. Peep through thy Marble Mansion, help,

Or we poor Ghosts will cry

To th' shining Synod of the rest,

Against thy Deity.

2 Breth. Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,

And from thy Justice fly.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning; sitting upon an Eagle; he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jupit. No more you petty Spirits of Region low

Offend our hearing ; hush ! How dare you, Ghosts

Accuse the Thunderer, whole Bolt, you know,

Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poor Shadows of *Elisium*, hence and rest

Upon your never-withering Banks of Flowers.

Be not with mortal Accidents oppress'd,

No Care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross ; to make my Gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift :

His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent ;

Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth, and in

Our Temple was he married : Rise, and fade,

He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his Affliction made.

This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein [*Jup. drops a*

Our Pleasure, his full Fortune doth confine, [*Tablet.*

And so away : no farther with your din

Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine;
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Crystaline. [*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in Thunder, his Coelestial Breath
Was sulphurous to smell the holy Eagle
Stoop'd as to foot us; his Ascension is
More sweet than our blest Fields; his Royal Bird
Prunes the immortal Wing, and cloyes his Beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter.*

Sici. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roof: Away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great Behest. [*Vanish.*]

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a Grandfire and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother and two Brothers. But, oh scorn!
Gone—they went from hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On Greatness Favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I
That have this Golden Chance, and know not why:
What Fairies haunt this Ground? a Book! Oh rare one!
Be not, 'as is our fangled World, a Garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as Promise.

Reads.

When as the Lion's Whelp shall to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece
of tender Air; And when from a stately Cedar shall be
lup'd Branches, which being dead many years, shall after
revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate,
and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

'Tis still a Dream, or else such stuff as Mad-men
Tongue, and brain not: 'Tis either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As Sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The Action of my Life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for Sympathy.

Enter

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for Death.

Post. Over roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the Word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the Dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much Drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; Purse and Brain, both empty; the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true Debtor, and Creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your Neck, Sir, is Pen, Book, and Counters; so the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a Man that were to sleep your Sleep, and a Hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, Fellow.

Goal. Your Death has Eyes in's Head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your self that which I am sure you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your Journeys end, I think you'll return never to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want Eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a Man should have the best use of Eyes, to seek the way of blindness: I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

D 5

Post.

Post. Thou bring'st good News, I'm call'd to be made
Goa. I'll be hang'd then. [free.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a Goaler: no Bolts
 for the Dead. [Exeunt.

Goa. Unless a Man would marry a Gallows, and beget
 young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my Con-
 science, there are verier kraves desire to live, for all he be
 a *Roman*: and there be some of them too that die against
 their Wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were
 all of one Mind, and one Mind good; O there were desola-
 tion of Goalers and Gallowses; I speak against my present
 Profit, but my wish hath a Preferment in't. [Exit.

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pi-
 sanio, and Lords.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the Gods have made
 Preservers of my Throne: Wo is my Heart,
 That the poor Soldier that so richly fought,
 Whose Rags sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked Breast
 Stept before Targets of proof, cannot be found:
 He shall be happy that can find him, if
 Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
 Such noble Fury in so poor a Thing:
 Such precious Deeds in one that promis'd nought
 But Beggary and poor Looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living,
 But no trace of him.

Cym. To my Grief, I am
 The Heir of his Reward, which I will add
 To you, the Liver, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*,
 [To Bell, Guid. and Arvig.

By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
 To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
 In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
 Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
 Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym.

Cym. Bow your Knees,
Arise my Knights o'th' Battle, I create you
Companions to our Person, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your Estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's Business in these Faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'th' Court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great King;
To sour your Happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a Physician
Would this Report become; but I consider,
My Med'cine Life may be prolong'd, yet Death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With Horrour, madly dying, like herself,
Which, being cruel to the World, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confest,
I will report so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet Cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prithee say.

Cor. First, she confest she never lov'd you; only
Affected Greatness got by you, not you:
Married your Royalty, was Wife to your Place,
Abhorr'd your Person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her Lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such Integrity, she did confess,
Was a Scorpion to her Sight, whose Life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off her Poison.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
Should by the minute feed on Life, and lingring,
By Inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to

O'er-

O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
 When she had fitted you with her Craft, to work
 Her Son into th' Adoption of the Crown:
 But failing of her End by his strange Absence,
 Grew shameless desperate, open'd, in despite
 Of Heav'n, and Men her purposes: repented
 The Evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
 Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did so, please your Highness.

Cym. Mine Eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
 Mine Ears that heard her Flattery, nor my Heart,
 That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
 To have mistrusted her: yet, O my Daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners, Leonatus behind and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute, that
 The *Britains* have ras'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one; whose Kinsmen have made suit
 That their good Souls may be appeas'd, with slaughter
 Of you their Captives, which our self have granted,
 So think of your Estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of War; the Day
 Was yours by Accident: had it gone with us,
 We should not when the Blood was cool, have threatned
 Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our Lives
 May be call'd Ransome, let it come: sufficeth,
 A Roman with a Roman's Heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
 For my peculiar Care. This one thing only
 I will intreat, my Boy, a *Britain* born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never Master had
 A Page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his Occasions, true,
 So feat, so Nurse-like; let his Virtue join
 With my Request, which I'll make bold, your Highness
 Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm

Though

Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And spare no Blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His Favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live Boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my Bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner,
The Noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my Life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in Hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as Death; your Life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The Boy disdains me,
He leave me, scorns me: briefly die their Joys,
That p'ace them on the truth of Girls, and Boys.
Why stands he so perplext?

Cym. What would'st thou, Boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? I speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more Kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your Vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st thou him so?

Imo. I tell you, Sir, in private, if you please,
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my Heart,
And lend my best Attention. What's thy Name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page,
I'll be thy Master: walk with me, I speak freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?

Arv. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidele*: what think you?

Guid.

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further; he eyes not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent: let's see further.

Pis. It is my Mistress:

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the rime run on,
To good or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.

Masse thy Demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iach.*
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it
Which is our Honour, bitter Torture shall
Winnow the Truth from Falshood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* Jewel, [*thee,*
Whom thou did'st banish: and, which more may grieve
As it doth me, a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt Sky and Ground. Wilt thou hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy Daughter,
For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my false Spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint— [*Swears.*

Cym. My Daughter, what of her? Renew thy Strength,
I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive Man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the Clock
That struck the Hour, it was in *Rome*, accurs'd
The Mansion where, 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had been poison'd! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head: the good *Posthumus*—

What

What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill Men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones——sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight pight *Minerva*,
Postures, beyond brief Nature; for Condition,
A Shop of all the qualities, that Man
Loves Woman for, besides that hook of Wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the Eye——

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,

Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
Most like a noble Lord, in Love, and one
That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calm as Virtue, he began
His Mistress Picture, which by his Tongue, being made
And then a Mind put in't, either our Brags
Were crack'd in Kitching-Trulls, or his Description
Prov'd us unspeaking Sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your Daughter's Chastity; there it begins:

He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot Dreams,
And she alone were cold; whereat, I Wretch
Made scruple of his Praise, and wag'd with him
Pieces of God, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his Honour'd Finger; to attain
In suit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring,
By hers and mine Adultery; he, true Knight,
No lesser of her Honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this Ring,
And would so, had it been a Carbuncle
Of *Phæbus*' Wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
Post I on this design: well may you, Sir,
Remember me at Court, where I was taught,
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* Brain,

'Gan

'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
 Most vilely: for my Vantage excellent,
 And to be brief, my practise so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough,
 To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
 By wounding his belief in her Renown.
 With Tokens thus, and thus; averring Notes
 Of Chamber-Hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
 (O cunning how I got it) nay some Marks
 Of secret on her Person, that he could not
 But think her Bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
 Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st. [Coming forward.

Italian Fiend! Ay me, most credulous Fool,
 Egregious Murtherer, Thief, any thing
 That's due to all the Villains past, in being,
 To come——Oh give me Cord, Knife or Poison,
 Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out
 For Torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all th' abhorred things o' th' Earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy Daughter. Villain-like, I lye,
 That caus'd a lesser Villain than my self,
 A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
 Of Virtue was she; yea, and she her self,
 Spit and throw Stones, cast Mire upon me, set
 The Dogs o' th' Street to bait me: every Villain
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be Villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
 My Queen, my Life, my Wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this?

Thou scornful Page, there lie thy part [Striking her, she falls.

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, help,

Mine and your Mistress—Oh, my Lord *Posthumus*!

You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now—help; help,

Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the World go round?

Post. How come these Staggers on me?

Pis.

Pis. Wake, my Mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal Joy.

Pis. How fares my Mistress.

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me Poison: Dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The Tune of *Imogen*.

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw Stones of Sulphur on me, if
That Box I gave you, was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poison'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, given his Mistress that Confession
Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd,
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper Poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her Knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no esteem. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would seize
The present power of Life, but in short time
All Officers of Nature should again
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boys, there was our Error.

Guid. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my Soul,
'Till the Tree die.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Child?
What, mak'st thou me a Dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo.

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir.

[Kneeling.

Bel. Tho' you did love this Youth, I blame you not, You had a Motive for't.

Cym. My Tears that fall Prove Holy-water on thee; *Imogen*, Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was That we meet here so strangely; but her Son Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten*, Upon my Lady's missing, came to me With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore If I discover'd not which way she was gone, It was my instant Death. By accident I had a feigned Letter of my Master's Then in my Pocket, which directed her To seek him on the Mountains near to *Milford*, Where in frenzy, in my Master's Garments, Which he forc'd from me, away he posts With unchaste purpose, and with Oath to violate My Lady's Honour; what became of him, I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the Story; I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.

I would not thy good Deeds should from my Lips Pluck a hard sentence: Prithee valiant Youth Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The Wrongs he did me Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me With Language that would make me spurn the Sea, If it could so roar to me. I cut off's Head, And am right glad he is not standing here To tell this Tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee; By thine own Tongue thou art condemn'd, and must Endure our Law; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless Man I thought had been my Lord.

Cym.

Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our Presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This Man is Better than the Man he slew,
As well descended as thy self, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for Bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our Wrath? how of Descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out of him. My Sons, I must,
For mine own Part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your Danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadst, great King, a Subject, who
Was call'd *Bellarius*.

Cym. What of him? he is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this Age; indeed a banish'd Man,
I know not how a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole World shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; Here's my Knee?
Ere I arise, I will prefer my Sons,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,

They

They are the Issue of your Loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your Father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you sometime banish'd;
Your Pleasure was my near Offence, my Punishment
It self, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the Harm I did. These gentle Princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty Years
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My Breeding was, Sir,
As your Highness knows; their Nurse *Euriphile*,
Whom for the Theft I wedded, stole these Children
Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the Punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treason. Their dear Loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The Benediction of these covering Heav'ns
Fall on their Heads like Dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay Heav'ns with Stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children——
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier Sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while——
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely Son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' Hand
Of his Queen-Mother, which for more Probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star,
It was a Mark of Wonder.

Bel.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural Stamp;
It was wise Nature's End, in the Donation,
To be his Evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the Birth of three? ne'er Mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange Starting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest Speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I your Brother,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Gwi. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, until we thought he died,

Corn. By the Queen's Dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare Instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce Abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial Branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* Captive?
How parted with your Brothers? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whither these?

And your three Motives to the Battle; with
I know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by Dependances

From Chance to Chance? But not the Time, nor Place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,

Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen*;

And she, like harmless Lightning, throws her Eye
On him, her Brothers, me, her Master, hitting
Each Object with a Joy: The counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this Ground,
And smother the Temple with our Sacrifices.

Thou art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [To *Bel.*

Imo.

Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious Season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd
Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The Thankings of a King.

Post. I am, Sir,
The Soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy Conscience sinks my Knee,
As then your Force did. Take that Life beseech you,
Which I so often owe: But your Ring first,
And here your Bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her Faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The Power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The Malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our Freeness of a Son-in-Law;
Pardon's the Word to all.

Arv. You help us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your *Southsayer*: As I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred: When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my Bosom: whose containing
Is so from Sense in hardness, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the Construction.

Luc.

Luc. Philarmus.

Sooth. Here my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the Meaning.

Reads.

WHEN as a *Lion's Whelp* shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender Air; and when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt
Branches, which being dead many Years, shall after re-
vive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow; then shall
Posthumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and
flourish in Piece and Plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the *Lion's Whelp*,
The fit and apt Construction of thy Name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much :
The piece of tender Air, thy Virtuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier* : which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee ; and thy lopt Branches point
Thy two Sons forth : who by *Bellarius* stol'n,
For many Yêars thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the Majestick Cedar join'd ; whose Issue
Promises *Britain* Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well.

My Peace we will begin : And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
And to the *Roman Empire* ; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We are dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom Heav'n in Justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy Hand.

Sooth. The Fingers of the Powers above, do tune
The Harmony of this Peace : the Vision
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the Stroke

Of

Of this yet scarce-cold Battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
 From South to West, on Wing soaring aloft
 Lessen'd her self, and in the Beams o'th' Sun
 So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle,
 Th' Imperial *Cesar*, should again unite
 His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
 Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods:
 And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Nostrils
 From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
 To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
 A *Roman*, and a *British* Ensign wave
 Friendly together; so through *Lud's* Town march,
 And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
 Our Peace will ratify. Seal it with Feasts.
 Set on there: never was a War did cease
 Ere bloody Hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.







A

YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, next the *White*
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M.DCC.XXXV.

A

T O R K 2 H I R E
T R A G E D Y

Dramatis Personæ.

Husband.
Master of a College.
Knight, a Justice of Peace.

Oliver,
Ralph,
Samuel,

} Serving-men.

Other Servants, and Officers.

Wife.

Maid-servant.

A little Boy.





A

Yorkshire Tragedy.

SCENE I.

Enter Oliver, and Ralph, two Serving-men.

O L I V E R.



Sirrah Ralph, my young Mistress is in such a pitiful passionate Humour for the long Absence of her Love.

Ralph. Why, can you blame her; why, Apples hanging longer on the Tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fallings, *viz.* Mad Wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every Man to take them up.

Oliv. Mafs thou say'st true, 'tis common indeed; but *Sirrah*, is neither our young Master return'd, nor our fellow *Sam* come from *London*.

Ralph. Neither of either, as the *Puritan Bawd* says. 'Slid I hear *Sam*, *Sam's* come, here tarry, come i'faith, now my Nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so doth mine Elbow.

Sam calls within. Where are you there?

A 2

Enter

Enter Sam, furnish'd with things from London.

Sam. Boy, look you walk my Horse with Discretion, I have rid him simply, I warrant his Skin sticks to his Back with very Heat, if he should catch cold and get the Cough of the Lungs, I were well serv'd, where I not? What, *Ralph* and *Oliver*?

Amb. Honest Fellow *Sam*, welcome i'faith, what Tricks hast thou brought from *London*?

Sam You see I am hang'd after the truest Fashion, three Hats, and two Glazes bobbing upon them, two rebato Wyres upon my Breast, a Cap-case by my side, a Brush at my Back, an Almanack in my Pocket, and three Ballads in my Codpiece. Nay, I am the true Picture of a common Serving-man.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art, thou may'st set up when thou wilt, there's many a one begins with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich Man ere he dies; but what's the News from *London*, *Sam*?

Ralph. Ay, that's well said, what is the News from *London*, *Sirrah*? My young Mistress keeps such a pulling for her Love.

Sam. Why the more Fool she, ay, the more Ninny-hammer she.

Oliv. Why, *Sam*, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Amb. Faith, ye jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his Wife, and has two or three Children by her. For you must note, that any Woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay that's true, for she bears the Blows.

Oliv. *Sirrah*, *Sam*, I would not for two years Wages my young Mistress knew so much, she'd run upon the left hand of her Wit, and ne'er be her own Woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blest in her Cradle, that he never came in her Bed; why he has consum'd all, pawn'd his Lands, and made his University-Brother stand in wax for him: There's a fine Phrase for a Scrivener! puh, he owes more than his Skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't possible?

Sam.

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

5

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his Wife Whore, as familiarly as one would call *Moll* and *Doll*, and Children Bastards as naturally as can be---But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my Breeches: I quite forgot my two poking Sticks, these came from *London*, now any thing is good here that comes from *London*.

Oliv. Ay, far fetcht you know.

Sam. But speak in your Conscience i'faith, have not we as good poking Sticks i' th' Country as need to be put i' th' Fire; the Mind of a thing is all, and as thou said'st even now, far fetch'd are the best things for Ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for Waiting-Gentlewomen too.

Sam. But *Ralph*, is our Beer sour this Thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why then follow me, I'll teach you the finest Humour to be drunk in, I learn'd it at *London* last week.

Amb. Faith let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest Humour, 'twould do a Man good to be drunk in it, they call it Knighting in *London*, when they drink upon their knees.

Amb. Faith that's excellent.

Sam. Come follow me, I'll give you all the Degrees of it in order.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Wife.

Wife. What will become of us? all will away.
My Husband never ceases in expence,
Both to consume his Credit and his House.
And 'tis set down by Heavens just Decree,
That Riot's Child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the Virtues that his Youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous Meetings, midnight Revels,
Taking his Bed with Surfeits; ill-beseeming
The ancient Honour of his House and Name;
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his Losses and false Fortunes,
The weakness of his State so much dejected,
Not as a Man repentant, but half mad,
His Fortunes cannot answer his Expence:
He sits and sullenly locks up his Arms,

Forgetting Heav'n, looks downward, which makes him
 Appear so dreadful, that he frights my Heart;
 Walks heavily, as if his Soul were Earth;
 Not penitent for those his Sins are past,
 But vex't his Money cannot make them last:
 A fearful Melancholy ungodly Sorrow.
 Oh yonder he comes, now in despite of Ills
 I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
 And do my best to drive it from his Heart.

Enter Husband.

Hus. Pox of the last throw it made
 Five hundred Angels vanish from my sight.
 I'm damn'd, I'm damn'd, the Angels have forsok me;
 Nay, 'tis certainly true; for he that has no Coin,
 Is damn'd in this World; he's gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear Husband.

Hus. Oh! most Punishment of all, I have a Wife.
Wife. I do intreat you, as you love your Soul,
 Tell me the Cause of this your Discontent.

Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked, thou art Cause,
 Effect, Quality, Property, thou, thou, thou. *[Exit.]*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse?
 Both Beggary of the Soul and of the Body,
 And so much unlike himself at first,
 As if some vexed Spirit got his form upon him.

Enter Husband again.

He comes again,
 He says I am the Cause; I never yet
 Spoke less than Words of Duty and of Love.

Hus. If Marriage be honourable, then Cuckolds are
 honourable; for they cannot be made without Mar-
 riage.

Fool, what meant I to marry to get Beggars!
 Now must my eldest Son be a Knave or nothing, he
 cannot live but upo' th' Fool, for he will have no Land
 to maintain him; that Mortgage sits like a Snaffle up-
 on mine Inheritance, and makes me chaw upon Iron.

My second Son must be a Promoter, and my third a
 Thief, or an Under-putter, a Slave Pander.

Oh Beggary, Beggary, to what base uses doth it put
 a Man.

I think the Devil scorns to be a Bawd;
 He bears himself more proudly.

Has

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

7

Has more Care on his Credit.

Base flaviſh, abject, filthy Poverty.

Wife. Good Sir, by all our Vows I do beſeech you,
Shew me the true Cauſe of your Diſcontent.

Huf. Money, Money, Money, and thou muſt ſupply me,

Wife. Alas, I am the leaſt Cauſe of your Diſcontent,

Yet what is mine, either in Rings or Jewels,

Uſe to your own deſire, but I beſeech you,

As you are a Gentleman by many Bloods,

Tho' I myſelf be out of your Reſpect,

Think on the State of thoſe three lovely Boys

You have been Father to.

Huf. Puh, Baſtards, Baſtards, Baſtards, begot in
tricks, begot in tricks.

Wife. Heav'n knows how thoſe Words wrong me,

But I'll endure theſe Griefs among a thouſand more :

Oh call to mind your Lands already mortgag'd,

Yourſelf wound into Debts, your hopeful Brother

At the Univerſity into Bonds for you,

Like to be ſeiz'd upon. And-----

Huf. Ha' done thou Harlot,

Whom though for Faſhion I married,

I never could abide Think'ſt thou thy Words

Shall kill my Pleaſure? Fall off to thy Friends,

Thou and thy Baſtards beg, I will not bate

A whit in Humour : Midnight ſtill I love you,

And revel in your Company : curb'd in !

Shall it be ſaid in all Societies,

That I broke Cuſtom? that I ſlag'd in Money !

No, thoſe thy Jewels I will play as freely,

As when my State was full'eſt.

Wife. Be it ſo.

Huf. Nay, I proteſt, and take that for an earneſt,

[He ſpurns her.]

I will for ever hold thee in Contempt,

And never touch the Sheets that cover thee,

But be divorc'd in bed, till thou conſent

Thy Dowry ſhall be ſold to give new Life

Unto thoſe Pleaſures which I moſt affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle Eye on me,

And what the Law ſhall give me leave to do,

You ſhall command.

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Huf. Look it be done, shall I want Dust,
And like a Slave wear nothing in my Pockets,
[Holds his Hands in his Pockets,

But my Hands to fill them up with Nails?
Oh much against my Blood let it be done,
I was never made to be a looker on;
A Bawd to Dice: I'll shake the Drabs myself,
And make them yield; I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave, it shall. (Exit.

Huf. Speedily, speedily; I hate the very hour I chose
a Wife, a Trouble, Trouble, three Children like
three Evils hang upon me; fy, fy, fy, Strumpet and
Bastards, Strumpet and Bastards.

Enter three Gentlemen, hearing him.

1 Gent. Still do these lothsome Thoughts jar on your
Yourself to stain the Honour of your Wife, [Tongue?
Nobly descended: those whom Men call mad,
Endanger others, but he's more than mad
That wounds himself, whose own Words
Do proclaim it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2 Gent. Good Sir, let Modesty reprove you.

3 Gent. Let honest Kindness sway so much with you.

Huf. God den, I thank you, Sir, how do you? adieu,
I am glad to see you, farewell Instructions, Admoni-
tions. [Exit Gent.

Enter a Servant.

How now, Sirrah? what would you?

Ser. Only to certify you, Sir, that my Mistress was
met by the way, by them who were sent for her up
to London by her Honourable Uncle, your Worship's
late Guardian.

Huf. So, Sir, then she is gone, and so may you be;
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or Hell will stand more pleasant than her House at
home. [Exit Servant.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. I am come with Confidence to chide you.

Huf. Who me? chide me? do't finely then, let it not
move me, for if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

Gent. Strike thine own Follies, for it is they,
Deservè to be well beaten; we are now in private,
There's none but thou and I, thou art fond and peevish,
An unclean Rioter, thy Lands and Credit Lie

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Lie now both sick of a Consumption,
I am sorry for thee; that Man spends with shame,
That with his Riches doth consume his Name:
And such art thou.

Huf. Peace.

Gent. No, thou shall hear me further.
Thy Fathers and Forefathers worthy Honours,
Which were our Country Monuments, our Grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The Spring-time of thy Youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful Summer to thy Friends,
It scarce can enter into Mens Beliefs
Such Dearths should hang on thee, we that see it
Are sorry to believe it; in thy change,
This Voice into all places will be hurl'd,
Thou and the Devil have deceiv'd the World.

Huf. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous Wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a Strumpet.

Huf. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her Champion, thou her private Friend,
The Party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble Thought,
I am past my patient Blood, shall I stand idle
And see my Reputation touch'd to death?

Huf. This has gall'd you, has it?

Gent. No, Monster, I prove
My Thoughts did only tend to virtuous Love:

Huf. Love of her Virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base Spirit, to lay thy hate upon
The fruitful Honour of thine own Bed.

[They fight, and the Husband is hurt.]

Huf. Sir, Sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope nor ne'er shall do. *[Fight again.]*

Huf. Have you got Tricks? are you in cunning with me?

Gent. No, plain and right.

He needs no cunning that for Truth doth fight.

[Husband falls down.]

Huf. Hard Fortune, am I levell'd with the Ground?

Gent. Now, Sir, you lie at Mercy.

Huf. Ay, you Slave.

A. Yorkshire Tragedy.

Gent. Alas that hate would bring us to our Grave,
 You see, my Sword's not thirsty for your Life,
 I am sorrier for your Wound, than you yourself:
 You're of a virtuous House, shew virtuous Deeds,
 'Tis not your Honour, 'tis your Folly bleeds.
 Much good has been expected in your Life,
 Cancel not all Mens hopes; you have a Wife,
 Kind and obedient, heap not wrongful Shame
 On her and your Posterity; let only Sin be sore,
 And by this Fall, rise never to fall more.
 And so I leave you. [Exit.]

Huf. Has the Dog left me then,
 After his Tooth has left me? Oh, my Heart
 Would fain leap after him; Revenge I say,
 I'm mad to be reveng'd; my Strumpet Wife,
 It is thy quarrel that rips thus my Flesh,
 And makes my Breast spit Blood, but thou shalt bleed;
 Vanquish'd? got down? unable e'en to speak?
 Surely it is want of Money makes Men weak,
 Ay 'twas that o'erthrew me, I'd ne'er been down else. [Exit.]

Enter Wife in a riding Suit, with a Serving Man.

Str. Faith, Mistress, if it may not be Presumption
 In me to tell you so, for his Excuse
 You had small Reason, knowing his abuse.

Wife. I grant I had, but alas,
 Why should our Faults at home be spread abroad?
 'Tis Grief enough within Doors; at first Sight
 Mine Uncle could run o'er his prodigal Life
 As perfectly, as if his serious Eye
 Had number'd all his Follies:
 Knew of his m'rtgag'd Lands, his friends in Bonds,
 Himself wither'd with Debt; and in that minute
 Had I added his Usage and Unkindness,
 'Twould have confounded every thought of good;
 Which Time and tame Experience will shake off,
 Guessing his Kindness to me (as I smooth'd him,
 With all the skill I had) though his deserts
 Are in form uglier than an unshap'd Bear,
 He's ready to prefer him to some Office

And

And Place at Court ! A good and sure Relief
To all his stooping Fortunes, 'twill be a means I hope,
To make new League between us, and redeem
His Virtues with his Lands.

Ser. I should think so : Mistress, if he should not
now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up,
I should think the Devil himself kept open House in
him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will now, prithee leave
me, I think I hear him coming.

Ser. I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my Lands
And free my Husband out of Usurers Hands ;
Now there is no need of Sale, my Uncle's kind,
I hope, if ought, this will content his Mind.
Here comes my Husband.

Enter Husband.

Huf. Now, are you come ? where's the Money ?
Let's see the Money, is the Rubbish sold ? those
Wife-akers your Lands, why then, the Money, where
is it ? pour it down, down with it : I say pour't on
the Ground, let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good Sir, keep but in patience, and I hope
My Words shall like you well, I bring you better
Comfort than the sale of my Dowry.

Huf. Ha, what's that ?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, Sir, but vouchsafe me
hearing. My Uncle, glad of your Kindness to me and
mild Usage, (for so I made it to him) hath in pity of
your declining Fortunes, provided a Place for you at
Court of worth and credit : so much overjoy'd me---

Huf. Out on thee, filth, over and overjoyed,
When I'm in Torment.

[*Spurns her.*

Thou politick Whore, subtiller than nine Devils, was
this thy Journey to *Nunck*, to set down the History
of me, my State and Fortunes ?

Shall I, that dedicated myself to pleasure, be now
confin'd in Service to crouch, and stand like an old
Man i'th' Hams, my Hat off ? I that could never as
bide to uncover my Head i'th Church, base Slut, this
fruit bears thy Complaints.

Wife.

Wife. Oh Heav'n knows,
 That my Complaints were Praises and best Words,
 Of you and your Estate ; only my Friends
 Knew of your mortgag'd Lands, and were possess'd
 Of every Accident before I came.
 If you suspect it but a Plot in me,
 To keep my Dowry, or for mine own good,
 Or my poor Childrens (tho' it suits a Mother
 To shew a natural care in their Reliefs)
 Yet I'll forget myself to calm your Blood ;
 Consume it, as your Pleasure counsels you,
 And all I wish, e'en Clemency affords,
 Give me but pleasant Looks, and modest Words.

Huf. Money, Where, Money, or I'll---[*Draws his Dagger.*]

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the Devil ! how now ? thy hasty News ?

Ser. May it please you, Sir.

Huf. What, may I not look upon my Dagger ?
 Speak, Villain, or I will execute the point on thee :
 Quick, short.

Ser. Why, Sir, a Gentleman from the University
 stays below to speak with you.

Huf. From the University ? so, University,
 That long Word runs thro' me.

[*Exit.*]

Wife. Was ever Wife so wretchedly beset ?
 Had not this News step'd in between, the point
 Had offer'd Violence unto my Breast.
 That which some Women call great Misery,
 Would shew but little here, would scarce be seen
 Among my Miseries : I may compare
 For wretched Fortunes, with all Wives that are :
 Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
 He calls it Slavery to be prefer'd,
 A place of Credit, a base Servitude.
 What shall become of me, and my poor Children ?
 Two here, and one at Nurse, my pretty Beggars.
 I see how Ruin with a palsie Hand
 Begins to shake the ancient Seat to Dust :
 The heavy weight of Sorrow draws my Lids
 Over my darkish Eyes : I can scarce see ;
 Thus Grief will last, it wakes and sleeps with me.

Enter

Enter the Husband with the Master of the College.

Huf. Please you to draw near, Sir, you're exceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt, I fear I come not to be welcome.

Huf. Yes, howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, Sir, to dwell in long Circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the Purpose.

The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable; that hopeful young Gentleman your Brother, whose Virtues we all love dearly, thro' your Default, and unnatural Negligence, lies in Bond executed for your Debt, a Prisoner, all his Studies amas'd, his Hope struck dead, and the Pride of his Youth muffled in these dark Clouds of Oppression.

Huf. Hum, hum, hum.

Mast. O you have killed the towardest hope of all our University, wherefore without Repentance and Amends expect ponderous and sudden Judgments to fall grievously upon you; your Brother, a Man who profited in his Divine Employments, and might have made ten thousand Souls fit for Heaven, now by your careless courses cast into Prison, which you must answer for, and assure your Spirit it will come home at length.

Huf. O God, oh.

Mast. Wise Men think ill of you, others speak ill of you, no Man loves you, nay, even those whom Honesty condemns, condemn you; and take this from the virtuous Affection I bear your Brother, never look for prosperous Hour, good Thoughts, quiet Sleep, contented Walks, nor any thing that makes Man perfect, 'till you redeem him: What is your Answer? How will you bestow him? Upon desperate Misery, or better Hopes? I suffer till I hear your Answer.

Huf. Sir, you have much wrought with me, I feel you in my Soul, you are your Arts Master.

I never had Sense 'till now; your Syllables have cleft me, both for your Words and Pains I thank you; I cannot but acknowledge grievous Wrongs done to my

my Brother, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty Wrongs
Within there.

Enter a Serving-man.

Huf. Fill me a Bowl of Wine. Alas, poor Brother,
Bruis'd with an Execution for my sake.

Mast. A Bruise indeed makes many a mortal Sore,
'Till the Grave cure them.

Enter with Wine.

Huf. Sir, I begin to you, you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wisht it better for your sake.

I pledge you, Sir, to the kind Man in Prison.

Huf. Let it be so.

Now, Sir, if you please to spend but a few Minutes
in walking about my Grounds below, my Man shall
here attend you: I doubt not but by that time to be
furnisht of a sufficient Answer, and therein my Bro-
ther fully satisfied.

Mast. Good Sir, in that the Angels would be pleased.
And the World's Murmurs calm'd, and I should say,
I set forth then upon a lucky Day. *[Exit.]*

Huf. O thou confused Man, thy pleasant Sins have
undone thee, thy Damnation has beggar'd thee.
That Heav'n should say we must not Sin, and yet
made Women: Gives our Senses way to find Pleasure,
which being found, confounds us? Why should we
know those things so much misuse us? O would Vir-
tue had been forbidden we should then have prov'd
all virtuous, for 'tis our Blood to love what we are
forbidden; what Man would have been forbidden,
what Man would have been fool to a Beast, and
zany to a Swine, to shew tricks in the mire; what is
there in three Dice, to make a Man draw thrice three
thousand Acres into the compass of a little round
Table, and with the Gentleman's Palsy in the Hand
shake out his Posterity, Thieves, or Beggars? 'Tis
done, I have done't i'faith; Terrible, horrible Mi-
sery,---- how well was I left, very well, very well.

My Lands shew'd like a Full-Moon about me, but
now the Moon's in the last Quarter, waining, wain-
ing, and I am mad to think that Moon was mine;
mine and my Father's, and my Fore-fathers Genera-
tions, Generations, down goes the House of us, down,
down

down it sinks: Now is the name a Beggar; begs in me, that name which hundreds of Years has made this Shire famous, in me and my Posterity runs out.

In my Seed five are made miserable beside myself, my Riot is now my Brother's Jaylor, my Wife's sighing, my three Boys Penury, and my own Confusion.

[He tears his Hair.]

Why sit my Hairs upon my cursed Head.

Will not this Poison scatter them? oh my Brother's In Execution among Devils that stretch him,

And make him give; and I in want,

Not able for to live, nor to redeem him,

Divines and dying Men may talk of Hell,

But in my Heart her several Torments dwell,

Slavery and Misery. Who in this case

Would not take up Money upon his Soul?

Pawn his Salvation, live at Interest?

I, that did ever in abundance dwell,

For me to want exceeds the throes of Hell.

Enter his little Son, with a Top and a Scourge.

Son. What ail you Father, are you not well? I cannot scourge my Top as long as you stand so: You take up all the Room with your wide Legs, puh, you cannot make me afraid with this, I fear no Vizards, nor Bugbears.

[He takes up the Child by the Skirts of his long Coat in one Hand, and draws his Dagger with the other.]

Huf. Up, Sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.

Son. Oh what will you do, Father? I am your white Boy.

Huf. Thou shalt be my red Boy, take that. *[Strikes him.]*

Son. Oh you hurt me, Father.

Huf. My eldest Beggar, thou shalt not live to ask an Usurer Bread, to cry at a great Man's Gate, or follow, Good your Honour, by a Coach, no, nor your Brother: 'Tis Charity to beain you.

Son. Haw shall I learn now my Head's broke?

Huf. Bleed, bleed, rather than beg, beg. *[Stabs him.]*
Be not thy Name's Disgrace:

Spurn thou thy Fortunes first, if they be base:

Come view thy second Brother: Fates,

My Childrens Blood shall spin into your Faces.

You

You shall see,

How confidently we scorn Beggary. [*Exit with his Son.*]

Enter a Maid with a Child in her Arms, the Mother by her asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet Babe, Sorrow makes thy Mother sleep.
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep---

Hush, pretty Boy, thy hopes might have been better,
'Tis lost at Dice, what ancient Honour won,

Hard when the Father plays away the Son;

Nothing but misery serves in this House,

Ruin and Desolation; oh.

Enter Husband with a Boy bleeding.

Huf. Whore give me that Boy.

[He strives with her for the Child.]

Maid. Oh help, help, out alas, murder, murder,

Huf. Are you gossiping, prating sturdy Quean,

I'll break your Clamour with your Neck,

Down Stairs; tumble, tumble headlong.

[He throws her down.]

So, the surest way to charm a Woman's Tongue,
Is to break her Neck, a Politician did it.

Son. Mother, Mother, I am kill'd, Mother.

His Wife awakes, and catches up the youngest Child.

Wife. Ha, who's that cry'd? O me, my Children,
Both, both; bloody, bloody.

Huf. Strumpet, let go the Boy, let go the Beggar.

Wife. O my sweet Husband.

Huf. Filth, Harlot.

Wife. Oh, what will you do, dear Husband?

Huf. Give me the Bassard,

Wife. Your own sweet Boy.

Huf. There are too many Beggars.

Wife. Good my Husband.

Huf. Dost thou prevent me still?

Wife. Oh God!

Huf. Have at his Heart.

[Stabs at the Child in her Arms, and gets it from her.]

Wife. Oh my dear Boy.

Huf. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy House.

Wife. Oh Heav'n.

[She is hurt, and sinks down.]

Huf. And perish, now be gone,
There's Whores enough, and Want would make thee
one.

Enter

Enter a lusty Servant.

Ser. O Sir, what Deeds are these?

Huf. Base Slave, my Vassal,

Com'st thou between my Fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the Devil I would hold you, Sir,

Huf. Hold me? Presumption, I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, Sir.

Huf. Tug at thy Master?

Ser. Tug at a Monster.

Huf. Have I no Power? Shall my Slave fetter me?

Ser. Nay then the Devil wrestles, I am thrown.

[Husband overcomes him.]

Huf. Oh Villain, now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee.

Set quick Spurs to my Vassal, bruise him, trample him;

So, I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.

My Horse stands ready saddled, away, away,

Now to my Brat at Nurse, my sucking Beggar.

Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on.

[The Master meets him.]

Mastr. How is't with you, Sir, methinks you look
of a distracted Colour.

Huf. Who, I Sir? 'Tis but your fancy,
Please you walk in, Sir, and I'll soon resolve you;

I want one small part to make up the Sum,

And then my Brother shall rest satisfied.

Mastr. I shall be glad to see it, Sir, I'll attend you.

[Exeunt.]

Ser. Oh I am scarce able to heave up my self,

He has so bruise'd me with his devilish weight,

And torn my Flesh with his Blood-hasty Spur.

A Man before of easy Constitution,

'Till now Hell's Power supplied, to his Soul's wrong,

Oh how Damnation can make weak Men strong.

Enter Master and two Servants.

Ser. Oh the most piteous Deed, Sir, since you came.

Mastr. A deadly greeting; hath he summ'd up these
To satisfy his Brother? Here's another,
And by these bleeding Infants a dead Mother.

Wife. Oh, oh.

Mastr. Surgeons, Surgeons, she recovers Life,
One of his Men all faint and bloodied.

I. Ser.

1 Ser. Follow, our murderous Master has took Horse
To kill his Child at Nurse, oh follow quickly,

Mastr. I am the readiest, it shall be my charge
To raise the Town upon him.

[Exeunt Master and Servants.]

1 Ser. Good Sir, follow him.

Wife. Oh my Children,

1 Ser. How is it, my most afflicted Mistress?

Wife. Why do I now recover? Why half live?
To see my Children bleed before mine Eyes,
A sight, able to kill a Mother's Breast without
An Executioner; what, art thou mangled too?

1 Ser. I, thinking to prevent what his quick Mischiefs
Had so soon acted, came and rusht upon him,
We struggled, but a fouler strength than his
O'erthrew me with his Arms, then he did bruise me,
And rent my Flesh, and robb'd me of my Hair,
Like a Man mad in Execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it hath beguil'd him of all Grace,
And stole away Humanity from his Breast?
To slay his Children, purpos'd to kill his Wife,
And spoil his Servants.

Enter two Servants.

Both. Please you leave this accursed Place,
A Surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it;
'Tis guilty of sweet Blood, innocent Blood,
Murder hath took this Chamber with full Hands,
And will not out as long as the House stands. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Husband, as being thrown off his Horse, and falls.

Hus. Oh stumbling Jade, the Spavin overtake thee,
The fifty Diseases stop thee:
Oh, I am sorely bruise'd, Plague founder thee;
Thou run'st at ease and pleasure, Heart of chance,
To throw me now, within a flight o'th' Town,
In such plain even Ground,
'Sfoot, a Man may Dice upon it, and throw away the
Meadows, ah filthy Beast.

Cry within. Follow, follow, follow.

Hus. Ha! I hear sounds of Men, like Hue and
Cry

Up

Up, up, and struggle to my Horse, make on,
Dispatch that little Beggar and all's done.

Cry within. Here this way, this way.

Huf. At my Back? oh,
What Fate have I, my Limbs deny me to go,
My Will is bated, Beggary claims a part,
Oh I could here reach to the Infant's Heart.

Enter Master of the College, three Gentlemen, and others with Halberts.

All. Here, here, yonder, yonder.

Maſt. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous,
The *Scyrbians* in their marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless Deeds
In their relentless Natures, than these of thine :
Was this the answer I long waited on,
The Satisfaction of thy prison'd Brother?

Huf. He can have no more of us than our Skins,
And some of them want but fleaing.

1 Gent. Great Sins have made him impudent.

Maſt. He's shed so much Blood, that he cannot
blush.

2 Gent. Away with him, bear him to the Justices;
A Gentleman of Worship dwells at hand,
There shall his Deeds be blazed.

Huf. Why all the better,
My glory 'tis to have my Action known,
I grieve for nothing, but I miss'd of one.

Maſt. There's little of a Father in that Grief:
Bear him away.

Enter a Knight with two or three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd so his Wife, murder'd his Children?

1 Gent. So the cry goes.

Knight. I am sorry I e'er knew him.
That ever he took Life and natural Being
From such an honour'd Stock, and fair Descent,
'Till this black minute without Stain or Blemish.

1 Gent. Here come the Men.

Enter the Master of the College, and the rest, with the Prisoner.

Knight. The Serpent of his House: I'm sorry for
this time, that I am in place of Justice.

Maſt. Please you, Sir.

Knight.

A Yorkshire Tragedy.

Knight. Do not repeat it twice, I know too much.
Would it had ne'er been thought on.

Sir, I bleed for you.

i Gent. Your Father's Sorrows are alive in me:
What made you shew such monstrous Cruelty?

Huf. In a word, Sir,

I have consum'd all, plaid away long Acre,
And I thought it the charitablest Deed I could do
To cozen Beggary, and knock my House o'th' Head.

Knight. I do not think, but in Two-morrow's Judgment,

The Terror will sit closer to your Soul,
When the dread Thought of Death remembers you:
To further which, take this sad Voice from me,
Never was Act plaid more unnaturally.

Huf. I thank you, Sir

Knight. Go lead him to Jail.

Where Justice claims all, there must Pity fail.

Huf. Come, come, away with me. [*Exit Prisoner.*]

Maſt. Sir, you deserve the Worſhip of your Place,
Would all did ſo; in you the Law is Grace.

Knight. It is my wiſh it ſhould be ſo;
Ruinous Man, the Deſolation of his Houſe,
The blot upon his Predeceſſor's honour'd Name.
That Man is neareſt Shame, that is paſt Shame. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Husband with the Officers, the Maſter and
Gentlemen, as going by his Houſe.*

Huf. I am right againſt my Houſe, Seat of my An-
ceſtors; I hear my Wife's alive, but much endanger'd,
let me intreat to ſpeak with her before the Priſon
gripe me. *Enter his Wife brought in a Chair.*

Gent. See here ſhe comes of herſelf.

Wife. O my ſweet Husband, my dear diſtreſſed
Husband,

Now in the hands of unrelenting Laws,
My greateſt Sorrow, my extreameſt Bleeding;
Ah! my Soul bleeds.

Huf. How now? kind to me.

Did not I wound thee, leave thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far greater Wounds did my Breſt feel,
Unkindneſs ſtrikes a deeper Wound than Steel,
You have been ſtill unkind to me. *Huf.*

Huf. Faith, and so I think I have :
I did my Murders roughly out of Hand,
Desperate and sudden, but thou hast devis'd
A fine way now to kill me, thou hast given my Eyes
Seven wounds apiece ; now glides the Devil from me,
Departs at every joint, heaves up my Nails.
O catch him new Torments, that were ne'er invented,
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed Angels,
In that bottomless Pit, let him not rise
To make Men act unnatural Tragedies,
To spread into a Father, and in fury,
Make him his Childrens Executioner.
Murder his Wife, his Servants, and who not ?
For that Man's dark, where Heav'n is quite forgot.

Wife. O my repentant Husband !

Huf. My dear Soul, whom I too much have wrong'd,
For death I die, and for this I have long'd.

Wife. Thou should'st not, be assur'd, for these Faults
die,
If the Law could forgive as soon as I.

[Children laid out.]

Huf. What Sight is yonder ?

Wife. O our two bleeding Boys
Laid forth upon the Threshold.

Huf. Here's weight enough to make a Heart-string
crack.

O were it lawful that your pretty Souls
Might look from Heav'n into your Father's Eyes,
Then should you see the penitent Glasses melt,
And both your Murders shoot upon my Cheeks.
But you are playing in the Angels Laps,
And will not look on me,
Who void of Grace, kill'd you in beggary.
O that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again ;
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd,
O 'twas the Enemy my Eyes so blear'd.
O would you could pray Heav'n me to forgive,
That will unto my End repentant live.

Wife. It makes me e'en forget all other Sorrows,
And leave part with this.

Offic. Come, will you go ?

Huf.

Huf. I'll kiss the Blood I spilt, and then I'll go,
My Soul is bloodied, well may my Lips be so.
Farewel, dear Wife, now thou and I must part.
I of thy wrongs repent me with my Heart,

Wife. O stay, thou shalt not go.

Huf. That's but in vain, you see it must be so.
Farewel ye bloody Ashes of my Boys,
My Punishment are their eternal Joys,
Let every Father look well into his Deeds,
And then their Heirs may prosper, while mine
bleeds.

[Exit Husband with Officers.]

Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
Than former Sorrows made me.

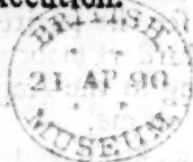
Mast. O kind Wife, be comforted,
One joy is yet unmurdered,

You have a Boy at Nurse, your Joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor Husband's Life :
Heav'n give my Body strength, which is yet faint
With much expence of Blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his Life, number up all my Friends
To plead for pardon for my dear Husband's Life.

Mast. Was it in Manto wound so kind a Creature?
I'll ever praise a Woman for thy sake,
I must return with grief, my answer's set,
I shall bring News weighs heavier than the Debt.
Two Brothers, the one in Bond lyes overthrown,
This on a deadlier Execution.

[Exeunt omnes.]



F I N I S.





TWELFTH - NIGHT :

O R,

WHAT YOU WILL.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER at *Shakespeare's Head* in *Turn-again Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespeare's Head*, in *Change-Alley*, *Cornhill*.

M D C C X X V .

THE TWELFTH
Dramatis Personæ.

ORSINO *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.*

Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the*
Curio, } *Duke.*

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-check, *a foolish Knight, pretending to Olivia.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

Fabian, *servant to Olivia.*

Malvolio, *a fantastical steward to Olivia.*

Clown, *servant to Olivia.*

Olivia, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, belov'd by the Duke.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other attendants.

SCENE, *a City on the Coast of Illyria.*



TWELFTH.



TWELFTH - NIGHT:



A C T I.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke.



If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again, it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear, like the
sweet south

That breaths upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Hush! no more;
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?

Duke. What, *Curio*?

Cur. The hart,

Duke. Why so I do, the noblest that I have;

O when my Eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Methought she purg'd the air of Pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
The element it self, 'till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view :
But like a cloystres she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chambers round
With eye-offending brine ; all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance still.

Duke. O she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her ? when liver, brain, and heart,
These sov'reign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King !
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers,
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers. [*Exe.*

Enter Viola, a Captain and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this ?

Cap. Myria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in *I'ryia* ?

My brother he is in *Elysium*.

Perchance he is not drown'd : what think you, Sailors ?

Cap. It is perchance that you your self were sav'd.

Vio. O my poor brother ! so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam : and to comfort you with chance,
Assure your self, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea ;
Where like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I see him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. There's gold for saying so,
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country ?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well ; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio.

What you will.

Vio. Who governs here ?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino* ! I have heard my father name him
He was a batchelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late ;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair *Olivia*.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd ; for whose dear love,
They say she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my Estate is !

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution ; yet of thee,
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character :
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and by my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee, lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, *Sir Toby*, you must come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine your self within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine my self no finer than I am; these cloaths are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; if they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish Knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, *Sir Andrew Ague-cheek*?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a Man as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: He's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! He plays o'th' viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural; for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in *Illyria*. He's a coward and a coysiril that will not drink

drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o'th' toe like a parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*; for here comes Sir Andrew *Aque-face*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair Shrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost.

Sir To. You mistake, Knight: Accost is, front her, board her, wooe her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. If thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw Sword again.

Sir And. If you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry but you shall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to th' buttery bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. *[Exit Mar.]*

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unless you see canary put me down: methinks sometimes I have no

more wit than a christian or an ordinary man has ; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. If I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, *Sir Toby.*

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but follow'd the arts.

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question, for thou seest it will not cool my nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, doesn't not.

Sir To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a house wife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith I'll home to-morrow, *Sir Toby*, your neice will not be seen, or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: The Duke himself here hard by wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear. Tut, there's life in't man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' strangest mind i'th' world: I delight in masks and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in *Illyria* whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in *Illyria*.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like mistress *Mall's* picture; why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto;

coranto? my very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace: What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stocking. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else; were we not born under *Taurus*?

Sir And. *Taurus*? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper; ha, higher: Ha, ha, excellent. [Exeunt.]

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards your *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, Sir, in his favours.

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario*, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. *Cesario*,
Thou know'st no less, but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her,
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofitable return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,

to

Twelfth-Night: Or,

Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,

That say thou art a man: *Diana's* lip

Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,

And all his semblative a woman's part.

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this Affair: Some four or five attend him,

All if you will; for I my self am best

When least in company. Prosper well in this

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best

To woo your lady; yet, O baneful strife!

Who-e'er I woo, my self would be his wife.

[*Exc.*

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse; my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this world need fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress *Mary*?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools let them use their talent.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither, but I'm resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskings fall.

What you will.

II

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well, go thy way, if *Sir Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's* flesh as any in *Illyria*.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: Here comes my lady; make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling; those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says *Quinapalus*, better a witty fool than a foolish wit. God bless thee lady.

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear fellows, take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; besides you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, *Madona*, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd; virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin, and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower: The lady bad take away the fool, therefore I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain: Good *Madona*, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it;

Clo. Dexterously, good *Madona*.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, *Madona*; good my mouse of virtue answer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bid your proof.

Clo. Good *Madona* why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, *Madona*.

Oli. I know his soul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo.

Twelfth-Night: Or,

Clo. The more fool you, *Madona*, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heav'n: take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him, infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brains than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools *Zanies*.

Oli. O you are sick of self-love, *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now *Mercury* indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools.

Enter Maria:

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count *Orsino* is it?

Mar. I know not, madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir *Toby*, madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you *Malvolio*; if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home. What you will to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now see, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, *Madona*, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull *Jove* cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *Pia-mater*.

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here. A plague o' these pickle herring: how now, sot?

Clo. Good *Sir Toby*.

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery, I descie letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, 'tis all one. [Ex.

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd; go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, *Madona*, and the fool shall look to the madman. [Ex. Clown.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you, I told him you were sick, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep, he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o'man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewdly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.

Enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my vail: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear *Orsino's* embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would be loth to cast away my speech; for besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet by the very fangs of malice, I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp my self, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp your self; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve; but this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, Sir? here lyes your way.

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady: tell me your mind, I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearful. Speak your Office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, prophanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady.

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies the text?

Vio. In *Orsino's* bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresie. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face; you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir, 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hands laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give
out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be invento-
ried and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will.
As, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes,
with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so
forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O such love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crown'd.
The non-pareil of beauty.

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him;

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person; yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal canto's of condemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia*: O you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

What you will.

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it ; fare you well :
I thank you for your pains ; spend this for me.

Vio. I am no feed-post, lady, keep your purse :
My Master, not my self, lacks recompence.
Love, make his heart of flint, that you shall love,
And let your fervour like my master's be,
Plac'd in contempt : farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage ?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman——I'll be sworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon——not too fast——
soft, soft,

Unless the master were the man. How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Methinks I feel this youths perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be ——
What hoa, *Malvolio*.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The Duke's man ; he left this ring behind him
Would I, or not : tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reason for't. Hye thee *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, a will.

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind :
Fate, shew thy force ; ourselves we do not owe ;
What is decreed must be ; and be this so. [Exit.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Antonio. **W**ILL you stay no longer? will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth, Sir, my determinate voyage is meer extravagancy: but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express my self: you must know of me then, *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian*, which I call'd *Roderigo*; my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my self, and a Sister, both born in one hour; if the heav'ns had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, Sir, alter'd that, for some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, tho' it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with such estimable wonder over-far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, Sir, with salt water, tho' I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare you well at once, my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion

occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke *Orsino's* court; farewell. [Exit.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee.
I have made enemies in *Orsino's* court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Countess *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your self. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!

She made good view of me, indeed so much,
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly:

She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger,
None of my lord's ring? Why he sent her none.

I am the man——— If it be so as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easie is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,

For such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this sadge? my master loves her dearly,

And I poor monster, fond as much on him;

And

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
 What will become of this ? as I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love ;
 As I am woman, now alas the day,
 What thriftless sighs shall poor *Olivia* breathe ?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I,
 It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

[Exit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach *Sir Andrew* : not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes, and *Diluculo surgere*, thou know'st.

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfill'd can ; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early ; so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. 'Faith so they say, but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar, let us therefore eat and drink. *Maria* I say, a stoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts ? did you never see the picture of wethree ?

Sir To. Welcome afs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the equinoctial of *Queubus* ? 'twas very good i'faith : I sent thee six pence for thy lemon, hadst it ?

Clo. I did impetico thy gratility ; for *Malvolio's* nose is no whip-stock. My lady has a white hand, and the mirmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent : why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song,

Sir

Sir To. Come on, there's six pence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know

Sir And. Excellent good, 'faith,

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter:

Present mirth hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still unsure.

In delay there lyes no plenty,

Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed; shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. Byr lady, Sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain; let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo.

Twelfth-Night: Or,

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good i' faith: come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, *Malvolio*, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolio*'s a *Peg-a-Ramsay*, and *Three merry men be we*. Am not I consanguinius? am not I of her blood? *Tilly valley, lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.*

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me; the knight's an admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O *twelfth-day* of December.

[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? is there no respect of places persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Strike up.

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that she harbours you as her uncle, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your self and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house: if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir *Toby*, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[*Singing.*

Clo.

Clo. What and if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'tune, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a steward? dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by saint *Anne*; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoop of wine, *Maria*.

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby*, be patient for to night; since the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur *Malvolio*, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: so cram'd as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar.

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gate, the expreffure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated, I can write very like my lady your neice; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I smell a device.

Sir And. I have it in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my neice, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, *Penthesilia*.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight: thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your neice, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'th end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come knight, come knight. [Exeunt.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick; now good-morrow friends:

Now good *Cesario*, but that piece of song,

That

That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the jester, my lord, a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio. Musick.*]

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very eccho to the seat
Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young tho' thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heav'n; let still the woman takes
An elder than her self so wears she to him?
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise our selves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Then womens are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thy self,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are : alas that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

Enter Curio and Clown.

Duke. O fellow come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, *Cesario*, it is old and plain ;
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Cl. Are you ready, Sir ?

Duke. I pr'ythee sing.

[*Musick.*

S O N G.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown :
Not a friend, not a friend greet,
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me where
True lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Cl. No pains, Sir ; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Cl. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or
other.

Duke.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [Exit.

Duke. Let all the rest give place. Once more, *Cesario*, Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty : Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ; The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her, Tell her I hold as giddily as fortune : But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, Sir ?

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must, Say that some lady, as perhaps there is, Hath for your love as great a pang of heart As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's fides Can bide the beating of so strong a passion, As love doth give my heart : no woman's heart So big to hold so much ; they lack retention. Alas, their love may be call'd appetite : No motion of the liver, but the pallat, That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt ; But mine is all as hungry as the sea, And can digest as much ; make no compare Between that love a woman can bear me, And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. Ay but I know——

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe ; In faith they are as true of heart as we. My father had a daughter lov'd a man, As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman, I should your lordship.

Duke. What's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord : she never told her love,
 But let concealment, like a worm i'th bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,
 And with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
 We men may say more, swear more, but indeed,
 Our shews are more than will ; for still we prove
 Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too—and yet I know not——
 Sir, Shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
 To her in haste ; give her this jewel : say,
 My love can give no place, bide no deny. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Seignior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay, I'll come ; if I lose a scruple of this sport,
 let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the nig-
 gardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
 shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man ; you know he brought
 me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting
 here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and
 we will fool him black and blue, shall we not, *Sir An-
 drew*.

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain : how now, my
 nettle of *India* ?

Mar. Get you all three into the box-tree ; *Malvolio's*
 coming down this walk, that has been yonder i'th' sun-
 p. actising

practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting, lye thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion, besides she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her, What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.

Fab. Oh peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

Sir To. Ah rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him,

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the *Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him *Jezebel*.

Fab. O peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs—to ask for my uncle

Toby——

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. Oh peace, peace, peace; now, now.

B

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. *Toby* approaches, curtsies to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Tho' our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar smile, with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not *Toby* take you a blow o'th lips then.

Mal. Saying, unc'e *Toby*, my fortunes haveing cast me on your neice, give me this prerogative of speech——

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish Knight——

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. Ome *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. I knew'twas I, for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here.

[*Taking up a Letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life this is my lady's hand: These be her very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes; her very phrases: By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her *Lucretia*, with which she uses to seal; 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man must know. No man must know—what follows? the number's alter'd—no man must know——if this should be thee, *Malvolio*?

Sir To.

Sir To. Marry hang thee, Brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a
Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth
sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my life—nay, but first
let me see ——— let me see ———

Fab. What a dish of poison has she drest him?

Sir To. And with what wing the stallion checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why she may
command me: I serve her, she is my lady. Why this
is evident to any formal capacity, there is no obstruction
in this ——— and the end ——— what should that alphabe-
tical position portend? if I could make that resemble some-
thing in me? softly—*M. O. A. I.* ———

Sir To. O, ay! make up that, he is now at a cold scent

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as
rank as a fox.

Mal. M. ——— *Malvolio* ——— *M.* ——— why
that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is
excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequel;
that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O*
does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'd cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might
see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before
you.

Mal. M. O. A. I. —this simulation is not as the for-
mer ——— and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to
me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft,
here follows prose—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In
my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness;
some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have
greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy*

blood and spirit embrace them; and to inure thy self to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: Let thy tongue tang a guments of Rate; put thy self into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd. I say remember; go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants; and not worth to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee. The fortunate and happy day-light and champion discovers no more: This is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do now fool my self, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg, being cross-garter'd, and in this she manifests her self to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy: I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised. Here is yet a postscript. Thou canst not chuse but know who I am; if thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee. Jove, I thank thee; I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

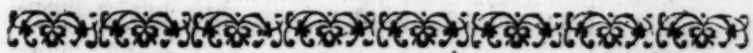
Sir To. Like *Aqua vita* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to melancholy, as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: If you will see it, follow me,

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar; thou most excellent devil of wit.

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. **S**AVE thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by the tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, Sir, I do live by the church: For I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: Or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, Sir: To see this age! a sentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward;

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. The reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words, and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: If that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady *Olivia's* fool?

Clo. No indeed, the lady *Olivia* has no folly, she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke *Orsino's*.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now *Jove*, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia*, Sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: *Cressida* was a beggar. My lady is within,
Sir,

Sir, I will conster to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin, I might say element, but the word is over-worn. *[Exit.]*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests.
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise-man's art:
For folly that he wisely shews, is fit,
But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Save you, gentlemen.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi, vstre serviteur.*

Sir And. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house, my neice is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her

Vio. I am bound to your neice, Sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, Sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heav'n's rain odours on you.

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant and vouchsafed: I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*]
Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment;
Y'are servant to the Duke *Orsino*, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

Oli. For him I think not on him: For his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him.
But would you undertake another suit,
I'd rather hear you to solicit that
Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady.

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did hear,
A ring in chase of you. So did I abuse
My self, my servant, and I fear me, you;
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiv-

ing
Enough is shewn; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grace: for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then methinks 'tis time to smile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf; [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west

Vio. Then westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship,
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay; prythee tell me what thou think'st of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are,

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it were better, Madam, than I am,
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt, and anger of his lip!

A murd'rous guilt shews not it self more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit nor reason can my Passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But rather reason thus with reason fetter;

Love sought his good; but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has, nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good Madam; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps may'st move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

Exeunt,

Enter

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, *Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, I saw your neice do more Favours to the duke's serving-man than ever she bestow'd on me. I saw't th' orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight' ! will you make an ass o' me ?

Fab. I prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand Jury men since before *Neab* was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an isicle on a *Dutchman's* beard, unless you redeem it by some attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour, challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him, hurt him in eleven places, my neice shall take note of it; and assure thy self, there is no lovebroker in the world can more prevail in man's commendations with women than report of valour.

Fab.

Fab. There is no way but this, *Sir Andrew*.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go write it in a martial-hand, be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lye in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of *Ware* in *England*, set 'em down and go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write it with a goof-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo*: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, *Sir Toby*.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew* if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite the youth bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your selves into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian that means to be sav'd by believing rightly, can never believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar.

Twelfth-Night : Or,

Mar. Most villanously ; like a pedant that keeps a school i'th' church : I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt to betray him ; he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the *Indies* ; you have not seen such a thing as 'tis ; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him ; if she do, he'll smile, and tak't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you. But since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth, And not all love to see you, tho' so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage. But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skilless in these parts ; which to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth on your pursuit.

Seb. My kind *Anthonio*.

I can no other answer make but thanks. And thanks : and ever-oft good turns Are shuffled off with such incurrent pay ; But were my worth as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing : what's to do ? Shall we go see the reliicks of this town ?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir ; best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night, I pray you let us satisfie our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame That do renown this city.

Ant.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:

I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I ta'n here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which for traffick's sake
Most of our city did. Only my self stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the *Elephant*
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To th' *Elephant*.

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him; he says he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud?

Where is *Malvolio*? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes
Where is *Malvolio*?

Mar. He's coming, Madam: but in very strange manner.

He

He is sure posselt, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile; your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

How now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha, *[Smiles fantastically.]*

Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad lady, I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood; this cross-gartering, but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know that sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed *Malvolio*?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee; why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you *Malvolio*?

Mal. At your request?

Yes, nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatness——

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal.

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them——

Oli. Heav'n restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow Stock-
ings——

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wished to see thee cross-garter'd ——

Oli. Cross garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be
so ——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, not me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orfi-
no's is return'd, I could hardly entreat him back; he at-
tends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good *Maria*, let this fellow be
look'd to. Where's my uncle *Toby*? let some of my peo-
ple have a special care of him, I would not have him mis-
carry for the half of my dowry. [Exit.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come near me now? no worse
man than *Sir Toby* to look to me! this concurs directly
with the letter, she sends him on purpose that I may ap-
pear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the
letter. Cast thy humble slough, says she; be opposite
with a kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue tang
with arguments of state, put thy self into the trick of
singularity; and consequently sets down the manner how;
as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the
habit of some *Sir* of rote, and so forth. I have lim'd
her, but it is *Jove's* doing, and *Jove* make me thank-
ful; and when she went away now, let this fellow be
look'd to; fellow! not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree,
but fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no
dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple; no obstacle;
no incredulous or unsafe circumstance——what can be
said? nothing that can be, can come between me and
the

the full prospect of my hopes. Well, *Jove*, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir Toby, Fabian and Maria.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him; did not I tell you, *Sir Toby*, my lady prays you to have a care of him?

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let him alone. How do you, *Malvolio*? how is't with you? what man, despise the devil; consider he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord.

Sir To. Pr'ythee hold thy peace, that is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir.

Sir To. Ay biddy, come with me. What man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good *Sir Toby*, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all: you are idle shallow things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hereafter. [Exit.]

Sir To. It's possible?

Fab. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance, 'till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of mad men; but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note, he keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir

Sir To. Thou com'st to thy Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou lie'st in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-les.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me ———

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o'th windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon me of our souls: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. If this Letter move him not, his Legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly; so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and as thou draw'st, swear horribly; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth, set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your neice ; give them way
'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid
message for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*]

Oli. I've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't.
There's something in me that reproves my fault ;
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion bears,
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And I beseech you come again to morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honour sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well,
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know
not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the
hunter, attends thee at the orchard end ; dismount thy
tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is
quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir, I am sure no man hath any
quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear
from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish a man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a knight dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nod, is his word: give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his Indignation drives itself out of a very competent injury, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous Office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior *Fabian*, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [Exit *Sir Toby*.]

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possible have found in any part of *Illyria*: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio.

710. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago: I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all; and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't I'll not meddle with him.

Tir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified.

Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, if I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gey *Capliet*.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel, I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

[*To Fabian.*]

Fab. He is horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: Marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vis. Pray God defend me; a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

C

Sir To.

Sir To. Come, *Sir Andrew*, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

[*They draw.*]

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you.

[*Drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

[*Draws.*]

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good *Sir Toby*, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up if you please.

[*To Sir Andrew.*]

Sir And. Marry will I, sir; and for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man, do thy office.

2 *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Duke Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well; Tho' now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away, he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy. I shall answer it. What will you do? now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself: You stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here.
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something; my having is not much,
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,

Nor know you by voice, or any feature.

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,

I snatcht one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable-worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away,

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God!

Thou hast, *Sebastian*, done good feature shame.

In nature there's no blemish but the mind:

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.

Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.

I Off. The man grows mad, away with him :
Come come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[Exit.

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I;
Prove true, imagination, oh prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you.

Sir To. Come hither, Knight, come hither, *Fabian*;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass, even such, and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love.

[Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship ask *Fabian*.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. If I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.

A C T IV.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Clown. **W**ILL you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.

Cl. Well held out i' faith: No, I do not know you,
nor I am not sent to by my lady, to bid you come
speak

Speak with her; nor your name is not master *Cesaris*, nor this is not my nose neither; nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I pry thee vent thy folly somewhere else, thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pry thee now ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pry thee foolish Greek depart from me, there's money for thee. If thou tarry longer I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand; these wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years purchase.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, fir, have I met you again? there's for you.

[Striking Sebastian.]

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there: Are all the people mad?

[Beating Sir Andrew.]

Sir To. Hold, fir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady strait: I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence.

[Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, fir, hold.

[Holding Sebastian.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in *Illyria*; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, fir, I will not let you go. Come my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well flesh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? if thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then I must have ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee, hold.

Sir Tr. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd: Out of my sight,

Be not offended, dear *Cesario*, Rudesby, be gone. I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And here thou there, how many fruitless pranks This Russian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby May'st smile at this: Thou shalt not chuse but go: Do not deny; beshrew his soul for me, He starved one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.

Let fancy still my sense in *Lethe* steep, If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay come I pray: Would thou'dst be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O say so, and so be.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee put on this gown and this beard, make him believe thou art sir *Topas* the curate; do it quickly. I'll call sir *Toby* the whilst.

Cl.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my self in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good house-keeper, goes as fairly as to say, a careful man a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, Mr. Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a neice of King Gorboduck, that that is, is: so I being Mr. Parson, am Mr. Parson; for what is that, but that; and and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What hoa, I say, peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave. [Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas go to my lady.

Clo. Out hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this Talkest thou nothing but of ladies? [man?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd good Sir Topas do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms, for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with curtesie: say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why it hath bay windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction;

Mal. I am not mad, Sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt; I ſay there is no darkneſs but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the *Egyptians* in their fog.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay there was never man thus abus'd; I am no more mad than you are, make the tryal of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras*, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the houſe of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, Sir *Topas*.

Sir Tb. My moſt exquisite Sir *Topas*!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown, he ſees thee not.

Sir Tb. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were. for I am now ſo far in offence with my neice, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber. *[Exit.]*

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my lady does.

[Singing.]

Mal. Fool.

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdie!

Mal. Fool.

Clo. Alas, why ſhe is ſo?

Mal. Fool, I ſay.

Clo.

Clo. She loves another— who calls, ha ?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper ; as I am a Gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. *Malvolio* !

Ma. Ay, good fool,

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you besides your five wits ?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd ; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well ! then thou art mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have propertied me ; they keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say : the minister is here, *Malvolio*, *Malvolio*, thy wits the heav'ns restore : endeavour thy self to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who I, Sir, not I, Sir, God b'w'you, good Sir *Topas*, Marry, amen. I will, Sir, I will, Sir.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir ? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper ; I tell thee I am as well in my wits, as any man in *Ilyria*.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, Sir.

Mal. By this hand I am : good fool, some ink, paper and light ; and convey what I set down to my lady : it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit ?

Mal. Believe me, I am not : I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad-man 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree ;
I pr'ythee be gone,

Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir,

[Singing.

I'll be with you again

In a trice, like to the old vice,

Your need to sustain.

Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,

Cries ah ha! to the devil;

Like a mad lad, pair thy nails, d-d,

Adieu, good man drivell.

[Exit.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious sun,

This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't.

And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madness. Where's *Antonio* then?

I could not find him at the *Elephant*.

Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,

That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service ;

For tho' my soul disputes well with my sense,

That this may be some error, but no madness,

Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune

So far exceed all instance, all discourse,

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,

And wrangle with my reason that persuades me

To any other trust, but that I'm mad,

Or else the lady's mad ; yet if 'twere so,

She could not sway her house, command her followers,

Take, and give back affairs, and their dispatch,

With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing :

As I perceive she does : there's something in't

That is deceivable. But here she comes.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : if you mean

Now go with me and with this holy man

[well,

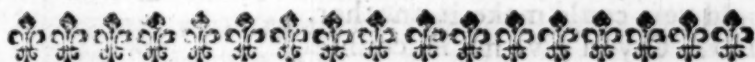
Iato

Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith.
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oil. Then lead the way good father; heav'n's so
shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fabian. **N**OW, as thou lov'st me, let me see this
letter.

Cl. Good Mr. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Cl. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompence desire
my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the lady *Olivia*, friends?

Cl. Ay, Sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how dost thou, my good
fellow?

Cl. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the
worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Cl. No, Sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives makes your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping measure, or the bells of *St. Bennet*, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again, I go, Sir? but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Pio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as *Vulcan*, in the smook of war:

A baw-

A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that *Antonio*
That took the *Phoenix* and her fraught from *Candy*;
And this is he that did the *Tyger* board,
When your young nephew *Titus* lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distractions.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino: noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate;
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth,
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without cerention or restraint;
All this in dedication. For his sake
Did I expose myself (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverse town,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before;
No *Interim*, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company,

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heav'n walks,
on earth.

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have
Wherein *Olivia* may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you don't keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam.

Duke. Gracious *Olivia*.

Oli. What do you say, *Cesario*? Good my lord----

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it ought to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unpropitious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings has breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Ev'n what it please my lord, that shall become
him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do't,
Like to th' *Egyptian* thief, at point of death
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
That sometimes favours nobly; but hear this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still.
But this your minion, whom I know you love,

And

And whom, by heaven, I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spight a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life, for rainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguild?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away.

Oli. Whither, my lord? *Cesario*, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband.

Oli. Ay, husband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, surrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome, father.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,

Attested

64 Twelfth-night: Or,

Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :
Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub ; what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzel on thy case ?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?
Farewell, and take her, but direct the feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest---

Oli. O do not swear ;
Hold little faith, tho' thou hast too much fear !

Enter Sir Andrew with his Head broke.

Sir Andr. For the love of God a surgeon, and send
one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir Andr. H's broke my head a-cross, and given Sir
Toby a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of God your
help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

Sir Andr. The Count's gentleman, one *Cesario* ; we
took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incar-
nate.

Duke. My gentleman, *Cesario* ?

Sir Andr. Od's lifelings, here he is, you broke my
head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on
to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you :
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby and Clown.

Sir Andr. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have
hurt.

hurt me : I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir *Toby* halting, you shall hear more ; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other-gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman ? how is't with you ?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't ; for, didst see *Dick* surgeon, for ?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir, above an hour agoe ; his eyes were set at eight i'th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past measure *Painim*. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him : who hath made this havock with them ?

Sir Andr. I'll help you, Sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull ?

(*Exe. Clo, To, and And.*)

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter *Sebastian*.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your uncle : But had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard on me, by which I do perceive it hath offended you ; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each to other, but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, A nat'ral perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. *Antonio*, O my dear *Antonio* ! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. *Sebastian* are you ?

Seb. Fear'd you that, *Antonio* ?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself ? An apple cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian* ?

Oli.

Oli. Most wonderful !
Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
 Nor can there be a deity in my nature
 Of here and every where. I had a sister,
 Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd :
 Of charity, what kin are you to me ? (*To Viola.*
 What countryman : what name ? what parentage ?

Vio. Of *Messaline* ; *Sebastian* was my father,
 Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too :
 So went he suited to his wat'ry tomb.
 If spirits can assume both form and suit,
 You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
 But aim in that dimension grossly clad,
 Which from the womb I did participate.
 Were you a woman, as the rest go even,
 I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
 And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dy'd that day when *Viola* from her birth
 Had numbred thirteen years.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soul,
 He finished indeed his mortal act
 That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
 But this my masculine usurp'd attire ;
 Do not embrace me, 'till each circumstance
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
 That I am *Viola* ; which to confirm,
 I'll bring you to a captain in this town
 Where lye my maiden weeds ; by whose gentle help
 I was preserv'd to serve this noble Duke.
 All the occurrence of my fortune since
 Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook :

(*To Oli.*

But nature to her bias drew in that.
 You would have been contracted to a maid,

Nor

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd : right noble is his blood ;
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times (To *Vio*.
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all these sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep us true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maids garments : he upon some action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suit.
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me.
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah ?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the slaves
end as well as a man in his case may do : he's here
writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to day
morning. But as a mad-man's epistles are no gospels,
so it skills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool
delivers the mad-man--- *By the lord, madam.* [*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad ?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness : an your
ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow
Vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee read it, i'thy right wits.

Clo.

Clo. So I do, *Madona*; but to read his right wits, is to read thus; therefore prehend, my princess and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, *sirrah*.

[To *Fabian*.]

Fab. [Reads.] By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it; though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame: think of me as you please; I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly us'd *Malvolio*.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him delivered, *Fabian*, bring him hither.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought
To think me as well a sister, as a wife, [on
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you;
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
Your master quits you; and for your service done
him,

So much against the metal of your sex, [To *Viola*.
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding.

And since you called me master for so long,
Here is my hand, you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister, you are she.

Enter *Malvolio*.

Duke. Is this the mad-man?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: how now, *Malvolio*?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, *Malvolio*? no.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand.

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase,

Or

Or say 'tis not your seal; nor your invention;
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir *Toby*, and the lighter people?
And acting this in an obedient hope.

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck or gull
That e'er invention plaid on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
Tho' I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis *Maria's* hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling.
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hopes it shall not,
Most freely I confess my self and *Toby*
Set this device against *Malvolio* here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
The letter at Sir *Toby's* great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd.
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Cla. Why some are born great, some achieve
greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
them. I was one, Sir, in this interlude, one Sir
Tobias

Topas, Sir, but that's all one ; by the Lord, fool, I am not mad ; but do you remember, madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal : an you smile not he's gagg'd : and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit*.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace : He hath not told us of the captain yet ; When that is known, and golden time conyents, A solemn combination shall be made Of our dear souls. Mean time, sweet sister, We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come, (For so you shall be, while you are a man ;) But when in other habits you are seen, *Orsino's* mistress, and his fancy's Queen.

[*Exeunt*.

Clown sings.

When that I was an a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain ;

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, &c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came at last to wive,

With hey, ho, &c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, &c.

With toss-pots still had drunken heads,

For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our play is done,

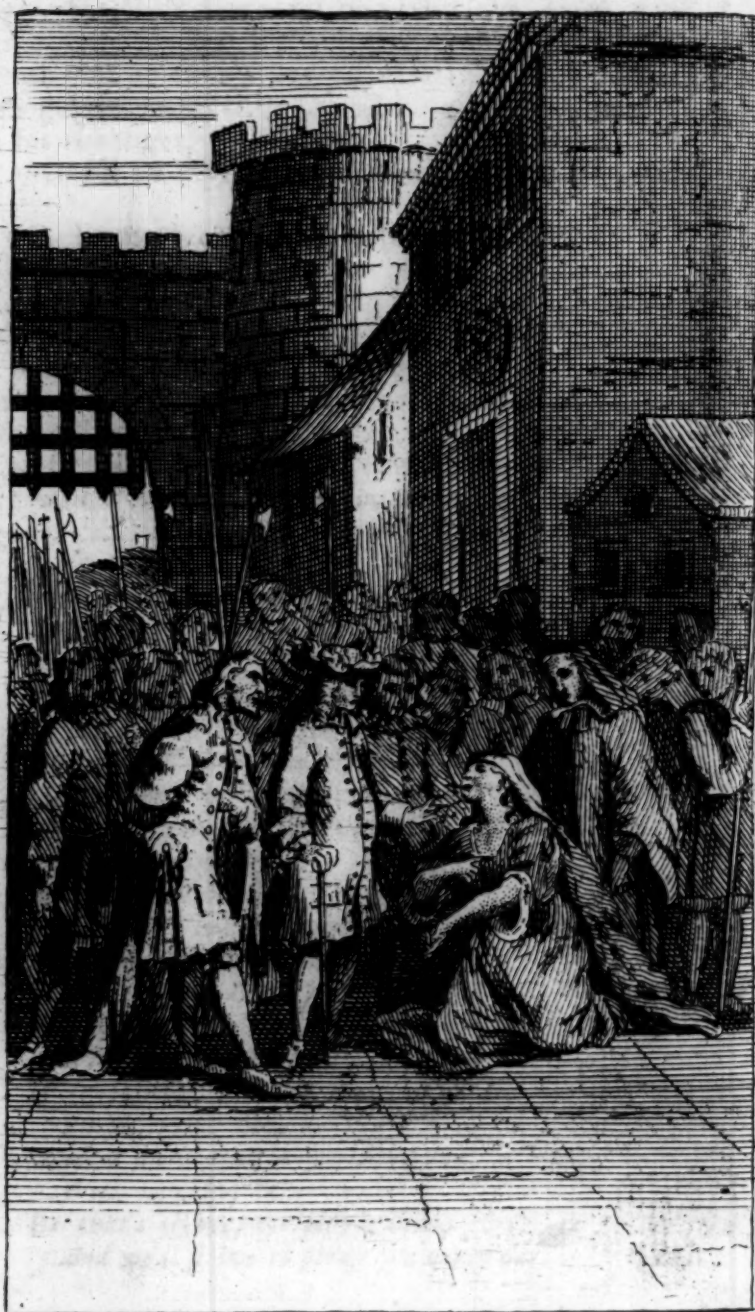
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[*Exit*.

F I N I S.







MUCH ADO
ABOUT
NOTHING.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO Prince of Arragon.
Leonato, Governor of Messina.
Don John, Bastard-Brother to Don Pedro.
Claudio, a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.
Benedick, a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.
Balthasar, Servant to Don Pedro.
Antonio, Brother to Leonato.
Borachio, Confident to Don John.
Conrade, Friend to Borachio.
Dogberry, }
Verges, } two foolish Officers.

Innogen, Wife to Leonato.
Hero, Daughter to Leonato and Innogen.
Beatrice, Neice to Leonato.
Margaret, }
Ursula, } two Gentlewomen attending on Hero.

*A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk,
Sexton, and Attendants.*

SCENE Messina.

The Story from Ariosto, Orl. Fur. l. 5.



Much



MUCH ADO about NOTHING.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Court before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Innogen, Hero, and Beatrice with a Messenger.

LEONATO.



Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of *Ar- ragon* comes this Night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this Action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the atchiever brings home full numbers; I find here that Don *Pedro* hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don *Pedro*: He hath born himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: He hath indeed better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very much glad of it.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montanto* return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, neice?

Hero. My cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the flight; and my uncle's fool reading the challenge, subscrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promise to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Fath, neice, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuals, and he hath help to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuf with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no less than a stuf man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my neice; there is a kind of merry war, betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat.

Much Ado about Nothing.

5

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that, if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left; to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; if he were I would burn my study. But I pray you who is his Companion? is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help thee noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will cost him a thousand pound ere it be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good Friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, neice.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

Mess. Don *Pedro* is approach d.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my House in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge most willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, that you ask'd her?

6 *Much Ado about Nothing.*

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full *Benedick*, you may guess by this what you are; being a man: truly the lady fathers her self; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedick*, no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? courtesy it self must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat; but it is certain I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women, they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my Dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentlemen or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Stratching could not make it worse, if 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well you are a rare Parrot teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer; but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*; my dear friend *Leonato* hath invited you all; I tell him we shall stay here

at

Much Ado about Nothing.

7

at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. Let me bid you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. *Benedick*, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pry'thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why i'faith methinks she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the World buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into; but speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her Cousin, if she were not possess'd with such a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty,

as the first of *May* doth the last of *December*: but I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust my self, though I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his Cap with suspicion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away *Sundays*: look Don *Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato's* House?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I cannot be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, mark you this, on my allegiance, he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato's* short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so; nor 'twas not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud.

Much Ado about Nothing.

9

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible bald-ricke, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do my self the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the Door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind *Cupid*.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good Horse to hire*, let them signifie under my sign, *Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not spent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an ambassage, and so I commit you.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixth of July, your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit.]

Claud. My Liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, *Claudio*?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair *Hero*, cherish it,
And I'll break with her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have say'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity;
Look what will serve, is fit; 'tis once thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And

Much Ado about Nothing.

11

And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force,
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break,
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt*.]

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now brother, where is my cousin your son?
hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it; but brother, I can tell
you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them, but they have a good
cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count
Claudio, walking in a thick pleached alley in my or-
chard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the
Prince discover'd to *Claudio* that he lov'd my niece
your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night
in a dance; and if he found her accordant, meant to take
the present time by the top, and instantly break with you
of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and
question him your self.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it
appear it self: but I will acquaint my daughter with
all, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if
peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it:
cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you
mercy, friend, go you with me, and I will use your
skill; good cousin have a care this busie time.

[*Exeunt*.]

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. What the good year my lord, why are you
thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds,
therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bring-
eth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief; I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late stood out against your brother and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make your self; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, and enfranchised with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite, if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only.
Who comes here? what news, *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the Prince, your Brother is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire; and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora.

Much Ado about Nothing. 13

Bora. Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

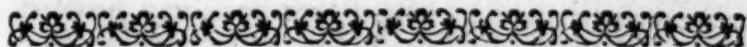
Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking in a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in sad conference: I whipp'd behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither, this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless my self every way; you are both sure, and will assist me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, their cheer is the greater that I am subdu'd; would the cook were of my mind: shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Innogen, *Hero*, Beatrice, Margaret and Urfula.

LEONATO.

WAS not Count *John* here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that Gentleman looks! I can never see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy Disposition.

Beat.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an Image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick*'s tongue in Count *John*'s mouth, and half Count *John*'s melancholy in Signior *Benedick*'s face ———

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, neice, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst, I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst cow thort horns, but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him upon my Knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lye in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not fit for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six Pence in earnest of the beaisherd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say get you to heaven, *Beatrice*, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids: so deliver I up my apes, and away to St. *Peter*; for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant.

Much Ado about Nothing.

15

Ant. Well neice, I trust you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my-cousin's duty to make courtesie, and say as it please you; but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtzie, and say, father, as it pleases me.

Leon. Well neice, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not 'till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam's* sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; If the Prince do sollicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin if you be not woo'd in good time; if the Prince be too importunate, tell him there is measure in every thing, and to dance out the Answer; for hear me, *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a *Scotch* jig, a measure and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others in Masquerade.

Pedro. Lady, Will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero.

Much Ado about Nothing.

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemon's* roof, within the house is *Jove*.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done: answer clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

Ursu. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Antonio*.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill, well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? go to, mum, you are he? graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat.

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him; I am sure he is in the fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a comparison or two on me, which peradventure not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Exeunt.*

Musick for the Dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love, he is enamour'd on *Hero*, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bor.*

Claud. Thus answer I in name of *Benedick*,
But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*,
'Tis certain so, the prince wooes for himself.
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues,
Let every eye negotiate for itself,

And

18 *Much Ado about Nothing.*

And trust no agent; beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewel then, *Hero*!

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count *Claudio*?

Claud. Yea the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business,
Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an Usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a Lieutenant's scarf? you must wear it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell Bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the Post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.

Bene. Alas poor hurt fowle, now will he creep into fedges. But that my lady *Beatrice* should know me, and not know me! the Prince's fool! ha: It may be I go under that title, because I am merry; yea, but so I am apt to do my self wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base (tho' bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the word into her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count? did you see him?

Bene. Troth my Lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren. I told him (and I think, told him true) that your Grace had got the will of this young lady, and I offer'd him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro.

Pedro. To be whipt ! What's his fault ?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who being over-joy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression ? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too ; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a Quarrel to you ; the gentleman that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misus'd me past the indurance of a block ; an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her ; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her ; she told me, not thinking I had been my self, that I was the Prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw ; hudling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me ; she speaks Ponyards, and every word stabs ; if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the North Star ; I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgres'd ; she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd spit, yea and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal *Atè* in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither ; so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero.

Ped. Look here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end ? I will go on the slightest errand now
to

to the *Antipodes* that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prestor John's* foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard; do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot indure this lady's tongue. [Exit.

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick*.

Bene. Indeed my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my Lord.

Ped. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. I'faith Lady I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak Count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but

but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away my self for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kifs, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. In faith Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear that he is in my heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin,

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day: but I beseech your grace pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for out of question you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there 'was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle: by your Grace's pardon.

[*Exit Beatrice.*]

Pedro. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To morrow, my Lord, time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear son, which is hence a just seven night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us; I will in the *Interim* undertake one of *Hercules's* Labours, which is to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedick*, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasie stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him, and

and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross his marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper; go you to the prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd *Claudio*, (whose estimation you do mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio* alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus: they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them instances which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Borachio*, and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming Truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that
jealousie

Jealousie shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice; be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*]

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laugh't at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio*. I have known when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just to many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool; one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wife, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her: fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near

near me; noble, or not for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love: I will hide me in the arbour.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come *Balthazar*, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own Perfection;
I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more. *

THE S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.*

One

* ——— woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos,
Yet will he swear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee come.
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a Note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine air; now is his soul ravish'd! is it
not strange, that sheeps Guts should hale souls out of
men's bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The Song, &c.

Much Ado about Nothing.

*One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bony,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leasy:
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. If he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief; I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea marry, dost thou hear *Balthazar*? I pray thee get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can my lord. [Exit *Balthazar*.]

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither *Leonato*; what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece *Beatrice* was in love with Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. O ay, stalk on; stalk on, the fowl sits. I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible, sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well, the fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me. I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord, especially against *Benedick*.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up!

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick*?

Leon. No, and swears she never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter says: shall I say she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of Paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet.

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence, rail'd at her self, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that she knew wou'd flout her; I measure him, says she, by my own spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me, yea, tho' I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps,

sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses ; O sweet *Benedick* ! God give me Patience !

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter says so, and the ecstasy hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do desperate outrage to her self; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor Lady worse.

Pedro. If he should, it were an alms to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have doff'd all other respects, and made her half my self; I pray you tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. *Hero* thinks surely she will die, for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustom'd crossness.

Pedro. She doth well; if she shou'd make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind very wise.

Pedro. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them
with

with a christian-like fear.* Well, I am sorry for your neice: shall we go see *Benedick*, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord, let her wear it out with good countel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible, she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my Expectation.

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and that gentlewoman carry; the sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be meerly a dumb shew; let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no trick, the conference was sadly born; they have the truth of this from *Hero*, they seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why it must be requited: I hear how I am censur'd; they say I will bear my self proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection——I did never think to marry——I must not seem proud——happy are they that hear their de-

*——— a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make.

Well, &c.

detractions, and can put them to mending : they say the lady is fair ; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness : and virtuous ; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it : and wise, but for loving me——by my troth it is no Addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly ; for I will be horribly in love with her, —— I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage ; but doth not the appetite alter ? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age, shall quipps and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour ? no : the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice* : by this day she's a fair lady, I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your Pains.

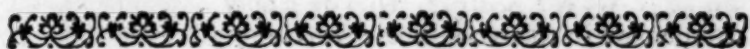
Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me ; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal : you have no stomach, Signior ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha ! against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner : there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me ; that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain ; if I do not love her, I am a Jew ; I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

HERO.

GOOD *Margaret* run thee into the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cousin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the prince and *Claudio*;
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and *Ursula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her! say that thou overheard'st us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
'Where honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun
'Forbid the sun to enter; like to favourites
'Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
'Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen to our purpose; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come I warrant presently. [Exit.]

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be how *Benedick*
Is sick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say: now begin.

Enter Beatrice.

For look where *Beatrice* like a lapwing runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Ursu. The pleasantest angling is to see the Fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;

So angle we for *Beatrice*, who ev'n now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
No truly *Ursula* she's too disdainful,
I know her spirits are as coy, and wild,
As * haggards of the rock.

Ursu. But are you sure
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Ursu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To with him wrestle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursu. Why did you so? doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Dildain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on, and her wit
Values it self so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
Shs is so self-endear'd.

Ursu. Sure I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble; young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward; 'if fair fac'd,
' She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
' If black, why nature drawing of an antick,
' Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
' If low, an agat very vilely cut;
' If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds;

* wild hawks.

‘If

* If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, for to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She'd mock me into air, O she would laugh me
Out of my self; press me to death with wit.
Therefore let *Benedick*, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a bitter death to die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And truly I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may impositon liking.

Ursu. O do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so sweet and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Ursu. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you married, Madam?

Hero. Why every day, to morrow; come, go in.
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Ursu. She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her,
Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps;

Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*]

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt farewell, a maiden pride adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And *Benedick* love on, I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in an holy band.

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.

Pedro. I do but stay 'till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company, for from the crown of his head to the soul of his foot he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little hang-man dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud.

Claud. Yet say I he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a *Dutch* man to-day, a *French* man to-morrow. † Or in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waist downward, all stops, and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brushes his hat a-mornings; what should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuf't tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet, can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youths in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops——

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions: and in despite of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you which these hobby-horses must not hear.

† Edit. 1600.

Pedro.

Pedro. For my life to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Claud. 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow.

[To *Claudio*.]

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment I pray you discover it.

John. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest; for my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestow'd.

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who *Hero*?

John. Even she, *Leonati's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding day; if you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation where I should, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the issue shew it self.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *The Street.*

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour *Dogberry*.

Dogb. First, who think you the most misartle's man to be constable?

1 Watch. *Hugh Oatecake*, Sir, or *Geemie Seacoal*; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour *Seacoal*: God hath blest you with a good name; to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable.

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why give God thanks, and

and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity: you are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen: well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone 'till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by virtue of your office to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd, the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb.

Dogb. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it bleats, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge; you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person if you meet the Prince in the night you may stay him.

Verg. Nay bi'rlady, that I think he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him marry, not without the Prince be willing: for indeed he watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Bi'rlady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well masters, good night; and there be any matter of weight chances call up me; keep your fellow's counsel and your own, and good night; come neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go fit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior *Leonato's* door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great toil to-night; adieu; be vigilant I beseech you.

[*Exit Dogb. and Verg.*]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

[*Aside.*]

Bora. *Conrade*, I say.

Conr. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treasons, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones, may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews thou art unconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say the fool's the fool; but see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief this seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Cona. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoh's* soldiers in the * rechy painting, sometimes like the God *Bell's* priests in the old church widow, sometimes like the shaven *Hercules* in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as maffy as his club.

Conr. All this I see, and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thy self giddy with the fashion, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know that I have to-night wooed *Margaret*, the lady *Hero's* gentlewoman,

by

* *rechy* valuable,

by the Name of *Hero*; she leads me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale wildly—I should first tell thee how the Prince, *Claudio*; and my master planted and placed, and possessed by my master *Don John*, saw far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my master knew she was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths which first possessed them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that *Don John* had made; away went *Claudio* enraged, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the Prince's name stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable, we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common wealth.

1 Watch. And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters.

2 Watch. You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in question I warrant you: come we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Leonato's House.*

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

Hero. Good *Ursula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu.

Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth it's not so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion 'faith. I saw the Dutchess of *Milan's* gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down-sleeves side-sleeves and skirts, round, underborn with a blueish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee, art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say (saving your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? none I think, if it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask may lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes light o' love with your heels; then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready: by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid and stuff! there's a goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profess apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd *Cardus Benedictus*, and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Bene. Benedictus? why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy thistle; you may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay, bi'rlady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted

verted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Ursu. Madam withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry Sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief I pray you, for you see 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry this it is, Sir.

Verg. Yes in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, speaks a little of the matter, an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God help I would desire they were, but in faith as honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and twice a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry Sir, our watch to-night, expecting your worship's

Much Ado about Nothing. 45

worship's presence hath ta'en a couple as arrant Knaves as any in *Messina*.

Dogb. A good old Man, Sir, he will be talking as they say; when the age is in, the wit is out, God help us, it is a World to see: well said i' faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man, and two men ride an horse, one must ride behind; an honest soul i' faith Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worship'd; all men are not alike, alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our watch have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

Leon. Take their Examination yourself, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband,

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex. Leon.*]

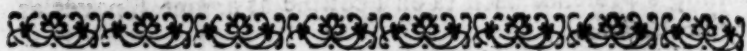
Dogb. Go, good partner, go get you to *Francis Sea-coal*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit I warrant; here's that shall drive some of them to non-come. Only get the learned writer to set down our Excommunication, and meet me at the Jail.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT.



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

A C H U R C H.

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. **C**OME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this Count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections! why then some be of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave, Will you with free and unconstrained soul, Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud.

Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? but she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own proof,
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity ———

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known
her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, *Leonato*,

I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming, I will write against it:
You seem to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Le n. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John.

48 *Much Ado about Nothing.*

John. Sir they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. *Leonato*, stand I here?

— Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord.

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Leon. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*;

Hero her self can blot out *Hero's* virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now if you are a maid answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why then you are no maiden, *Leonato*.

I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honour,

My self, my brother, and this griev'd Count

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window,

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd my Lord,
Not to be spoken of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: thus pretty lady.

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

About the thoughts and counsels of thy Heart?

But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell.

Thou

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go; these things come thus to light,

Smother her Spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. Pedro, D. John, and Claud.*]

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I think; help, uncle.

Hero! why *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedick!* friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?
Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,
My self would on the rereward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?
Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes?
Why had not I, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?
Who smeared thus, and mix'd with infamy,
I might have said, no part of it is mine,
This shame derives it self from unknown loins:
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,
That I my self was to my self not mine,

Valuing of her; why she, O she is fall'n
 Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
 Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
 And salt too little which may season give
 To her foul tainted flesh.

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient;
 For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
 I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my Soul my cousin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No truly, not; altho' until last night
 I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O that is stronger made,
 Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
 Would the Prince lye? and *Claudio* would he lye,
 Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,
 Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
 For I have only been silent so long,
 And given way unto this course of fortune,
 By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
 A thousand blushing apparitions
 To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes,
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
 Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
 Which with experimental seal doth warrant
 The tenure of my book; trust not my age,
 My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
 If this sweet lady be not guiltless here,
 Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
 Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left,
 Is, that she will not add to her damnation
 A sin of perjury, she not denies it:
 Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
 That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none.

If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy. O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wisdoms be mis-led in this,
The practice of it lives in *John* the baltard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind:
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case,
Your Daughter here the princess (left for dead)
Let her a while be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,

Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we rack the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
 ' When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
 * Th'idea of her * love shall sweetly creep
 ' Into his study of imagination,
 ' And every lovely organ of her life
 ' Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
 ' More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 ' Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 ' Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish he had not so accused her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true:
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
 And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar advise you:
 And though you know my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly and justly, as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
 For to strange sores, strangely they strain the cure.
 Come, lady, die to live; this wedding-day
 Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and en-
 dure.

[*Exeunt.*
Moment

* *life.*

Manent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah how much might the man deserve of me that would right her?

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love you not.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What bear her in hand, until they come to take hands, and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour ——— O God that I were a man, I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? ——— a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. But ———

Beat. Princes and Counts! surely a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! but manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it, I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*, by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Iene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I will kiss your hand, and so leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* shall render me dear account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go, comfort your cousin, I must say she's dead, and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.

To. Cl. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Dog. O, a stool and cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Dog. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

To. Cl. Yea marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray write down, Borachio. Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a Gentleman, Sir, and my name is Conrade.

To. Cl. Write down master gentleman Conrade; masters do you serve God? masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; how answer you for your selves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we say we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in a tale: have you writ down that they are none?

Sexton. Master Town-Clerk, you go not the way to examine, you must call the watch that are their accusers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way, let the watch come forth; masters, I charge you in the Prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, Sir, that Don John the prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, prince John a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master town-clerk.

To. Cl. Pray thee follow peace, I do not like thy look,
I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats
of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat Burglary as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea by th' Mafs that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his
words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and
not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into ever-
lasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can de-
ny. Prince John is this morning secretly stoll'n away:
Hero was in this manner accus'd, and in this very man-
ner refus'd; and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd.
Master constable, let these men be bound and brought
to Leonato; I will go before, and shew him their ex-
amination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sexton. Let them be in the hands of Coxcomb. *[Exit.]*

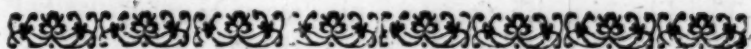
Dogb. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him
write down the Prince's officer Coxcomb: come, bind them,
thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away, you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not
suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down
an ass! but masters, remember that I am an ass, though
it be not writt'n down, yet forget not that I am an ass;
no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd
upon thee by good witness; I am a wise fellow, and
which is more, an officer; and which is more, an hous-
holder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as
any in Messina, and one that knows the law, go to, and
a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had
losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing
handsome about him; bring him away; O that I had
been writ down an ass!

[Exeunt.]

A C T



ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

ANTONIO:

IF you go on thus, you will kill your self,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief,
Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
Nor let no comfort else delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs doth suit with mine:
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whole joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain:
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape and form;
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And * hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk:
With candle-waiters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can Counsel, and give comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
No, no, 'tis all men's office, to speak patience:
To those that wring under the load of sorrows,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so mortal, when he shall endure

* *scrow.*

C. 5;

This

‘ The like himself; therefore, give me no counsel,
 ‘ My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee peace; I will be flesh and blood;

‘ For there was never yet philosopher,
 ‘ That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
 ‘ However they have writ the style of Gods,
 ‘ And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your self,
 Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak’st reason, nay, I will do so.
 My soul doth tell me *Hero* is bely’d,
 And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,
 And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords?

Pedro. We have some haste, *Leonato*.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well, my
 lord.

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
 Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler
 thou.

Nay never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
 I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
 If it should give your age such cause of fear;
 In faith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flear and jest at me;
 I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
 As under privilege of age to brag.
 What I have done being young, or what would do,
 Were I not old: know *Claudio*, to thy head,
 Thou hast so wrong’d my innocent child and me,
 That I am forc’d to lay my reverence by,

And

And with grey hairs and bruise of many days
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I say, thou hast bely'd my innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors,
O in a tomb, where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body if he dare;
Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His *May* of youth and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so * daffe me? thou hast kill'd my
child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;

But that's no matter, let him kill one first;

Win me and wear me, let him answer me;

Come, follow me, boy, come boy, follow me,

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your † foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Ant. Content your self; God knows I lov'd my niece,
And she she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.

Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them,
yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,

That lye, and cog, and flout, deprive and slander,

Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,

And speak of half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies if they durst;

And this is all.

Leon.

* daffe, a country word for daunt.

† foining pushing, or making a pass in fencing.

Leon. But brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come brother away, I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exe. ambo.*]

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome Signior; you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. *Leonato* and his brother; what think'st thou? had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high proof melancholly, and would fain have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man he looks pale: art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage man: what tho' care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it against me. I pray you chuse another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff, this last was broke cross.

Pedro.

Much Ado about Nothing. 61

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a Villain; I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardise. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast?

Claud. I' faith I thank him he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knives naught. Shall I not find a woodcock, too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit; right, said she a fine little one; no, said I, a great wit; just, said she, a great gross one; nay said I, a good wit; just, said she, it hurts no body; nay said I, the gentleman is wise; certain, said she, a wise gentleman; nay said I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on *Monday* night which he forswore on *Tuesday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she an hour together transhape thy particular virtues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that shall did; but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Pedro. But when she we set the salvage bull's horns on the sensible *Benedick's* head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene.

Bona. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind, I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thank'd hurt not. My Lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother the bastard is fled from *Messina*; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet, and 'till then peace be with him. [Exit Bonedick.]

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most propound earnest, and I'll warrant you for the love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio
guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape, but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come you, Sir, if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, if you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound?

Borachio one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence, have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report; moreover they have spoken untruths; secondarily they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verily d'unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to slander the lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery, And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero*! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior *Leonato*, and the sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him; which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave that with thy breath

Has kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora.

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villain, thou bely'st thy self;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you princes for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: chuse your revenge your self,
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul nor I;
And yet to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impossible; but I pray you both
Possess the people in *Messina* here
How innocent she dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb.
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And hence you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us,
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming.
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me.

Exit

But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass; I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment; and also the watch heard them talk of one *Deformed*: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your self, for the example of others: God keep your worship; I wish your worship well: God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come neighbour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords farewell.

Ant. Farewel my Lords, we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, we'll talk with

Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew mith this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *Leonato's House,*

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene.

Bene. In so high a style, *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it; for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-hound's mouth it catches,

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's soils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I think hath legs.

[Exit *Margaret*.]

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings] *The God of love that sits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve, I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self in love; marry I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd, I can find out no rhyme to lady but badly, and innocent's rhyme; for scorn, horn, a hard rhyme; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.*

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, wouldst thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then is spoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkiss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit; but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward: and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love a good epithet; I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my Will.

Beat. In spite! of your heart, I think; alas poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are two wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this Age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question? why an hour in clamour and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself; so much for praising myself; who I myself will bear witness is praise-worthy; and now tell me how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Ursu-

68 *Much Ado about Nothing.*

Ursu. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home; it is prov'd my Lady *Hero* hath been fallſly accus'd, the prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this News, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Atten. It is, my lord.

E P I T A P H.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew the virgin knight;

For the which with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight assist our moan,

Help us to sigh and groan.

Heavily, heavily,

Graves yawn and yield your dead,

'Till death be uttered,

Heavenly, heavenly.

Claud.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night;
Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good morrow, masters, put your torches out,
The wolves have prey'd; and took the gentle day
Before the wheels of *Phæbus*, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

Pedro. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier issue speeds
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio,
Friar, and Hero.*

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the Error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in some Fault for this;
Although against her will as it appears,
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd.
The prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me; you know your office, brother,
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is, good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Ant. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene.

Bene. And I do with an Eye of Love requite her.?

Leon. The Sight whereof I think you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?

Bene. Your Answer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I'th' state of honourable Marriage,
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair Assembly.

Leon. Good morrow Prince, good morrow *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.

Pedro. Good morrow *Benedick*; why what's the
matter,

That you have such a *February* face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why then she's mine; sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero.

Much Ado about Nothing.

71

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other Wife.

[*Unmasking.*

And when you lov'd you were my other Husband.

Claud. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* dy'd, but I do live;

And surely as I live I am a maid.

Pedro. The former *Hero*! *Hero* that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this Amazement can I qualify.

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chappel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, *Friar.* Which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that Name, what is your Will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why then your uncle, and the prince, and *Claudio*, have been deceiv'd, they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, *Margaret*, and *Ursula*, are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you do not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentle man.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her,
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her Affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts; come, I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.

Beat.

Beat. I would not deny you, but by this good day I yield upon great persuation, and partly to save your life; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Pedro. How dost thou, *Benedick* the sharried man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wits-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost thou think I care for a satyr, or an Epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing; and this is my conclusion; for thy part *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance e'er we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore play musick. Prince thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to-morrow, I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.

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ALL's WELL,
THAT
ENDS WELL;
A
COMEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:
Printed by R. WALKER, next the *White*
Horse-Inn in *Fleet-Street*.

M.DCC.XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

KING of France.

Duke of Florence.

Bertram, Count of Roussillon.

Lafeu, an old Lord.

Parolles, a parasitical follower of Bertram, a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.

Steward, }
Clown, } Servants to the Countess of Roussillon.

W O M E N.

Countess of Roussillon, mother to Bertram.

Helena, Daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous physician, some time since dead.

An old widow of Florence.

Diana, Daughter to the widow.

Violenta, ? Neighbours and friends to the widow.

Mariana, ?

Lords attending on the King, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

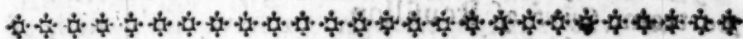
S C E N E, lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

The Plot taken from Boccace, Decam. 3. Nov. 9.





All's well that Ends well.



ACT I. SCENE I.

Roussillon in France.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roussillon, Helena, and Lafeu in mourning.

C O U N T E S S.



N del'ering my son from me, I bury
a second husband.

Ber. And in going, Madam, I weep
o'er my father's death anew; but I
must attend his Majesty's command, to
whom I am now in ward, evermore in
subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband, Ma-
dam; you Sir, a father. He that so generally is at
all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to
you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it
wanted, rather than lack it where there is such a
bundance.

Count. What hope is there of his Majesty's amend-
ment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, Madam,
under whose practices he hath persecuted time with
hope, and finds no other advantage in the process,
but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O
that had! how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was

almost as great as his honesty : had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the King's sake, he were living, I think it would be the death of the King's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so : *Gerrard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam ; the King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly : he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the King languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Count. His sole child, my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking, I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her ; disposition she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer ; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, the commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too : in her they are the better for their simplicity, she derives her honesty, and atchieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get tears from her.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, *Helena*, go to, no more, lest it be rather thought yet to affect a sorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape : thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head. Farewell, my lord,
'Tis an unseason'd countier, good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n blest him. Farewel, *Bertram*,

[*Exit Count.*]

Ber. [*to Hel.*] The best wishes that can be forg'd in
your thoughts be servants to you : be comfortable to
my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewel, pretty lady, you must hold the cre-
dit of your father.

[*Exeunt Ber. and Laf.*]

Hel. Oh, were that all---I think not on my father,
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my *Bertram's*.
I am undone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright partic'lar star,
And think to wed it ; he is so above me :
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself?
The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour, to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our heart's table : heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils fit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind; full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay: you have some stain of soldier in you;
let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity,
how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant,
in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some
warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man setting down before you,
will undermine you and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and
blowers up. Is there no military policy how virgins
might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quick-
lier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down
again, with the breath yourselves made, you lose
your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth
of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity
is rational increase, and there was never virgin got,
till virginity was first lost. That you were made of
is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once
lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept,
it is ever lost; 'tis too cold a companion; away
with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I
die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't; 'tis against the
rule

rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mother; which is most infallible disobedience. 'He that hangs himself is a virgin: 'Virginity murders itself, and should be buried 'in highways out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds 'mites; much like a cheese, consumes itself to the 'very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, 'made of self-love, which is the most prohibited sin in the canon. Keep it not, you cannot chuse but 'lose by't. Out with't; within ten years it will 'make itself two, which is a goodly increase, and 'the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see. Marry ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying. The longer kept, the less worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly futed, but unsutable, just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now; your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our *French* wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: It was formerly better, marry, yet 'tis a wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign.
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humblest ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord; and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty fond adeptions christendoms
That blinking *Cupid* gossips. Now shall he ---

I know not what he shall---God send him well---
The court's a learning place---and he is one---

Par. What one, I faith?

Hel. That I will well---tis pity---

Par. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shur us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And then what we alone must think, which never
Returns our thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur, *Parolles*,

My lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Helen* farewell, if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were born under a
charitable star.

Par. Under *Mars*, I.

Hel. I especially think, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you
must needs be born under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes safe-
ty: But the composition that your valour and fear
makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like
the wear well.

Par. I am so full of business, I cannot answer thee
acutely: I will return perfect courtier, in the which
my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou
wilt be capable of courtiers counsel, and understand
what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in
thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee
away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy
prayer; when thou hast none, remember thy friends

ge;

get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee :
to farewell.

[Exit.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high,
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pain in sense, and do suppose
What hath been, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love ?
The King's disease---my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [Ex.

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France with letters,
and divers attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th' ears,
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, Sir,

King. Nay, 'tis most credible ; we here receive it ;
A certainty vouch'd from our cousin *Austria* ;
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us
For speedy aid ; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deny'd before he comes :
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have thy leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve,
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

A s

King.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafew and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the Count *Roxillon*, my good lord,
Young *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Compos'd thee well. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too. Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First try'd our soldiership: he did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplin'd of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour;
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them, and his honour
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled: such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which follow'd well, would now demonstrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in app'roof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King.

King. Would I were with him; he would always say,

(Methinks I hear him now) his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there and to bear; let me not live,
(Thus his good melancholy oft began
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime
When it was out) let me not live, quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
More fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions; this he wish'd,
I after him, do after him wish too
(Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home)
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You're loved, Sir;

They that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;
Lend me an arm; the rest have worn me out
With several applications; nature and sickness
Debate it at their Leisure. Welcome, Count,
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thanks to your Majesty. [Exit.

Enter Countess, Steward and Clown.

Count. I will now hear, what say you of this Gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours: for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? get you gone, firrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness that I do not, for I
know

you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damp'd; but if I have your ladyship's good will to go the world, *Isbel* the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do obey your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In *Isbel's* case and mine own; service is no heritage, and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, 'till I have issue o' my body; for they say bearns and blessings.

Count. Tell me the reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it. I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow, madam, in great friends? for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of; he that eres my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherisheth my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *Ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage;

marriage; for young *Charbon* the puritan, and old *Poyssam* the papist, howsoe'er their hearts are sever'd in religion, their heads are both one, they may joul horns together like any deer i'th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam, and I speak the truth the next way.

For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true shall find,

Your marriage comes by destiny, your cuckow sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid *Helen* come to you, of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her, *Helen*, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

Why the *Grecians* sacked *Troy*?

Was this king *Priam's* joy?

With that she sigh'd as she stood,

And gave this sentence then;

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten! You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o'th' song: Would God would serve the world so all the year, we'd find no fault with the tithe woman if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born, but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir knave, and do as I command you.

Clo. That man that should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart; I am going, forsooth

footh, the business is for *Helena* to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well now.

Stew. I know; madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds; there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she widd me; alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense: Her matter was, she lov'd your son; Fortune, she said, was no Goddess, that had put such difference berwixt their two estates; Love, no God, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: Complain'd against the queen of virgins, that would not suffer her poor Knight to be surpriz'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in, which I held it my duty speedily to acquaint you withal sithence in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly, keep it to yourself; many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so torttering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt: Pray you leave me, stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care; I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter Helena.

Count. Ev'n so it was with me when I was young; If we are nature's, these are ours: This thorn doth to our rose of youth rightly belong,

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress in youth;
By your remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.

Her

Her eye is sick on't, I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. *Helen*, you know, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother?

Why not a mother? when I said a mother,

Methought you saw a serpent; what's in mother,

That you start at it? I say, I'm your mother.

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwomb'd-mine: 'tis often seen

Adoption strives with nature, and choice breeds

A native 'lip to us from foreign seeds,

You ne'er oppress me with a mother's groan,

Yet I express to you a mother's care:

God's mercy maiden, do's it curd thy blood,

To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,

That this distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many colour'd *Iris* rounds thine eyes?

Why--that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam.

The Count *Rossillon* cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honour'd name;

No note upon my parents, his all noble.

My master, my dear lord he is, and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die:

He must not be my brother,

Count. Nor I your mother?

(were

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you

(So that my lord your son were not my brother)

Indeed my mother--or were you both our mothers

I care no more for, than I do for heav'n,

So I were not his sister: Can't no other?

But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Count. Yes, *Helen*, you might be my daughter-in-law:

God shield you mean it not, daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse; what, pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness. Now I see

The

The myst'ry of your loveness, and find
 Your salt tears head ; now to all sense 'tis gross.
 You love my son ; invention is asham'd
 Against the proclamation of thy passion,
 To say thou dost not ; therefore tell me true,
 But tell me then 'tis so. For look, thy cheeks
 Confess it one to th' other, and thine eyes
 See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviour,
 That in their kind they speak it : only sin
 And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
 That truth should be suspected ; speak, is't so ?
 If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew :
 If it be not, forswear't ; howe'er I charge thee,
 As heav'n shall work in me for thine avail,
 To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
 Whereof the world takes note : Come, come, disclose
 The state of your affection, for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then I confess

Here on my knee, before high heav'n's and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
 I love your son :

My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love ;
 Be not offended, for it hurts not him
 That he is lov'd of me ; I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suit,
 Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
 Yet never know how that desert shall be :
 I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
 Yet in this captious and intenable live,
 I still pour in the water of my love,
 And lack not to lose still ; thus *Indian* like,
 Religious in mine error, I adore
 The sun that looks upon his worshipper,

But

But know of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you do ; but if yourself,
Whose aged honour cities a virtuous youth,
Did ever in so true a flame of liking
Wish chastly, and love dearly, that your *Diana*
Was both herself and love ; O then give pity
To her whose state is such, that cannot chuse
But lend and give where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that which search implies,
But riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to *Paris* ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear ;
You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sov'reignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More than they were in note : Among't the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speak ?

Hel. My lord, your son made me to think of this ;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, *Helen*,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? he and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him :
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel.

Hel. There's something in't
More than my father's skill; which was the great't
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heav'n; and would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Do'st thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, *Helen*, thou shalt have my leave and
love,

Means and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Begone to-morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. *Ext.*



ACT II.

*Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the
Florentine War. Bertram and Parolles. Flourish
Cornets.*

King. **F**AREWELL, young Lords: these warlike
principles

Do not throw from you: you, my lords, farewell;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess it owns the malady
That doth my life besiege; farewell, young lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the sons

Of

Of worthy *French* men ; let higher *Italy*,
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed wed it ; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud : I say, farewell.

2 *Lord*. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty.

King. Those girls of *Italy*, take heed of them ;
They say our *French* lack language to deny
If they demand : beware of being Captives
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel. Come hither to me. [To Bert.
[Exit.

1 *Lord*. Oh, my sweet lord, that you will stay be-
hind us.

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark-----

1 *Lord*. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Most admirable ; I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. And thy mind-----stand too it, boy ; steal
away bravely.

Ber. Shall I stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creeking my shoes on the plain masonry,
'Till honour be brought up, and no sword worn
But one to dance with ? by heav'n I'll steal away.

1 *Lord*. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord*. I am your accessory, and so, farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd
body.

1 *Lord*. Farewel, captain.

2 *Lord*. Sweet Monsieur *Parolles*.

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin ;
good sparks and lustrous. A sword, good metals.
You shall find in the regiment of the *Spinili*, one cap-
tain *Spurio* his cicatrice, with an Emblem of war here
on his sinister cheek ; it was this very sword entrench'd
it ; say to him, I live, and observe his Reports of me.

1. *Lord*. We shall, noble captain.

Par.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices? what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King ---- [Exeunt Lords.

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords, you have restrain'd yourself within the list of too cold an adieu; be more expressive to them, for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gate, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd star; and tho' the devil lead the measure, such are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [Exeunt.

Enter the King and Lafeu.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man stands that hath brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith across; but my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes, my royal fox;
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royal fox could reach them; I have seen a
med'cine

That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerful to raise King Pippin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor, she: my lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With

With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see her,
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good *Lafcu*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your ways. [*Bringing in Helena.*]

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his majesty, say your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like, but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears; I'm *Cressid*'s uncle
That dare leave two together; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, do's your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praise tow'rd's him
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience, th' only darling
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have so;
And hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded,

That

That labouring art can never ransom nature
 For her unaidable estate: we must not
 So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
 To prostitute our past-cure malady
 To empericks, or to disseyer so

Our great self and our credit, to esteem
 A senseless help, when help past-sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
 I will no more enforce my office on you,
 Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
 A modest one to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful;
 Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
 As one near death to those that wish him live;
 But what at full I know, thou know'st no part,
 I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What can I do, can do no hurt to try,
 Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :
 He that of greatest works is finisher,
 Oft does them by the weakest minister :
 So holy writ, in babes hath judgment shown,
 When judges have been babes ; great floods have flown
 From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd,
 When miracles have by th' greatest been deny'd.
 Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
 Where most it promises : And oft it hits
 Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind
 maid,

Thy pains not us'd, must by thyself be paid.
 Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspir'd merit so by breath is bar'd :
 It is not so with him that all things knows
 As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows :
 But most it is presumption in us, when
 The help of heav'n we count the act of men.
 Dear Sir, to my endeavours give consent,
 Of heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
 I am not an impostor that proclaim
 My self against the level of mine aim,

But

But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.
Ere twice in muck and occidental damp
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of Impudence?
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth
speak

His powerful sound, within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage all
That happiness and prime can happy call;
Then this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try,
That ministers thine own death if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke unpitied let me die,
And well deserv'd; not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my scepter, and my hopes of help.

Hel.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuse from forth the royal blood of *France*,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state :
But such a one thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand, the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :
To make the choice of thine own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Tho' more to know could not be more to trust :
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some help here, ho ! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. [*Ex.*

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, Sir, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught ; I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court ! why what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt ? but to the court !

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor caps ; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court : but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks ; the pin buttock, the quatch buttock, the brawn buttock, or any buttock

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

Clo.

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your *French* crown for your sa'ty pūnk, as *Tib's*-rush for *Tom's* fore-finger, as a pancake for *Shrove-Tuesday*, a morris for *May-day*, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a courtier, it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in a question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O lord, Sir——there's a simple putting off; more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O lord, Sir——thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O lord, Sir——nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O lord, Sir——spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O lord, Sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? indeed, your O lord, Sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping if you were bound to't.

Clo. I never had worse luck in my life, in my O lord, Sir; I see things may serve long, and not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O lord, Sir—why there't serves well again.

Count. An end, Sir ; to your business ; give *Helen* this,
And urge her to a present answer back.

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son :

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much imployment for you, you understand
me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our philosophical perions to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, enconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath
shot in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists.

Par. So I say, both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of an—

Laf. Uncertain life ; and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well : so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed, if you would have it in shewing,
you shall read it in what do you call there——

Laf. A shewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly
actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why your dolphin is not lustier : for me, I speak
in respect.

Par.

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence, which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than only the recovery of the King, as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you said well: here comes the King.

Laf. Lustick, as the *Dutchman* says: 'I'd like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinagre*, is not this *Helan*?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so,

King. Go call before me all the lords in court.
Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side,
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
'Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
'The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends my naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble batchelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sov'reign power and father's voice
I have to use; thy frank election make,
Thou hast pow'r to chuse, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please; marry, to each but one!

Laf. I'd give bay curtain and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a noble father.

[*She addresses herself to a Lord*]

Hel. Gentlemen, heav'n hath, through me, restor'd
the King to health.

Al. We understand it, and thank heav'n for you.

Hell. I am a simple maid, and therein wealthiest.

That I protest I simply am a maid—

Please it your majesty, I have done already :

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

We blush that thou should'st chuse ; but be refus'd ;

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,

We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice and see.

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy altar do I fly,

And to imperial *Love*, that God most high,

Do my sighs stream : Sir, will you hear my suit ?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir ; all the rest are mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw *Ames-*
ace for my Life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies :

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love.

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive.

Which great *Love* grant, and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? if they were sons of
mine, I'd have them whipp'd, or I would send them to
the *Turk* to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake :

Blessing upon your vows, and in your bed—

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed.

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her :
sure sure they are bastards to the *English*, the *French*
ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good To
make your self a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf.

Laf. There's one grape yet, I am sure my father drunk wine ; but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen : I have known thee already.

Hel I dare not say I take you, but I give Me and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power : this is the man. [*To Bertram.*]

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her, she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege ! I shall beseech your highness.

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*,
What she hath done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord,
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising ? I know her well :
She had her breeding at my father's charge :
A poor physician's daughter, my wife ! disdain.
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which

I can build up : strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction ; yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,)
A poor physician's daughter, thou dislik'st,)
Of virtue for the name : but do not so.
From lowest place, whence virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a drop'd honour ; good alone,
Is good without a name. Vileness is so :
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise fair :
In these, to nature she's immediate heir ;

And these breed honour : That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges it self as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our for-goers : The meer Words a slave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave ;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb,
Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be said ?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest : Virtue and she,
Is her own dow'r ; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wron'st thy self, if thou should'st strive to
chuse.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my Lord, I am glad :
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud, scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert ; that canst not dream,
We poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam ; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt :
Obey our will, which travels in thy good,
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims :
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance ; my revenge and hate
Let loose upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord ; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what title of honour
Flies where you bid : I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most dear, is now

The praised of the King ; who so ennobled,
Is as 'twere born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine : To whom I promise
A counterpoize ; if not in thy estate,
A balance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand,

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile upon the contract ; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night ; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious ; else does err.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Parolles and Lafew.

Laf. Do you hear, Monsieur ? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, Sir.

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make this recan-
tation.

Par. Recantation ! my lord ! my master !

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I speak ?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood with-
out bloody succeeding. My master !

Laf. Are you companion to the count *Roussillon* ?

Par. To any count ; to all counts ; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man ; count's master is of ano-
ther file.

Par. You are too old, Sir ; let it satisfy you, you are
too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, firrah, I write man ; to which
title, age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pret-
ty wise fellow ; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy
travel, it might pass ; yet the scarfs and the bannerets
about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing
thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found
thee ; when I lose thee again, I care not ; Yet art thou

good for nothing but taking up, and thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thy self too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which is, Lord have mercy on thee for a hen; so, my good window of lattice, fare thee well, thy casement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser——

Laf. Ev'n as soon as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smack o'th' contrary. If ever thou beest bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: For doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Will thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of——I'll beat him; if I could but meet him again,

Enter Lafen.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you: You have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs. He, my good lord, whom I serve above, is my master. *Laf.*

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: Methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernal out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: You are more sawcy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

[Exit.]

E. Bertram.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then. Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Urrbne, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn Priest I've sworn; I will not bed her.

Par. Wha? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my *Parolles*, they have married me: I'll to the *Tuscan* wars, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: To th' wars.

Ber. There's Letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To th' wars my bby, to th' wars.

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy wicksy here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of *Mars's* fiery steed: To other regions

France is a stable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It shall be so, I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those *Italian* fields
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why these balls bound, there's noise in it. 'Tis
hard

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,
The King has done you wrong: But hush, 'tis so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health; she's
very merry, but yet she is not well. But thanks be given
she's very well, and wants nothing i'th' world; but yet
she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's
not very well?

Clo. Truly she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heav'n, whither God send
her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, whence God
send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady.

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good will to have mine
own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to
keep them on, have them still. O my knave, how does
my

my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her mony,
I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say you nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's
tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing,
to do nothing, to know nothing, to have nothing, is to be
a great part of your title, which is within a very little of
nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, Sir, before a knave, th'art a
knave; that's before me th'art a knave; This had been
truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in your self, Sir? or were you
taught to find me? the search, Sir, was profitable, and
much fool may you find in you, even to the world's plea-
sure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knave i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my lord will go away to-night,
A very serious business call on him.
The great prerogative and right of love,
Which, as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they d'stil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o'th' King,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you come, Sirrah.

[*Exit. Par.*

Exc.

Enter

Enter Lafeu and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your lordship think not him a soldier.

Par. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true, I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgress'd against his valours, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Here he comes, I pray you make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I Sir, he fits a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is she gone to the King? [*Aside to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketted my treasure, given order for our horses; and to-night, when I should take possession of the bride ——— and ere I do begin ———

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten ——— God save you captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs, and all, like him that leapt into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, tho' I took him, at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord, and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light not: The soul of heavy consequence: I have kept of them tame; and know their natures. Farewel, Monsieur, I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil. *Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave. For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, *Helena*, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office On my particular. Prepar'd I was not For such business; and am therefore found So much unsettled: This drives me to intreat you, That presently you take your way for home, And rather muse than ask why I intreat you; For my respects are better than they seem, And my appointments have in them a need Greater than shews it self at the first view, To you that know them not. This to my mother. *[Giving a Letter.]*

'Twill be two-days ere I shall see you, so

I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein tow'rd me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewel; hie home

Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is?
But, like a tim'rous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much——nothing in-
deed——

I would not tell you what I would, my lord——'faith
yes——

Strangers and foes do funder, and not kiss.

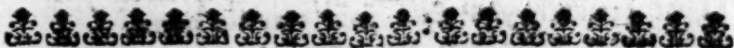
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ber. Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Courage!

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords,
with Soldiers.

Duke. **S**O that from point to point now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose

Whose great decision much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; but black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin *France*
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good, my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
My self in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 *Lord.* But I am sure the younger of our nation,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be:
And all the honours that can fly from us,
Shall on them settle. You know your places well.
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To morrow to the field.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It has happen'd all as I would have had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very
melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend
his ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth,
and sing. I knew a man, that had this trick of melan-
choly, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means
to come.

Clo. I have no mind to *Isbels* since I was at court.
Our old ling, and our *Isbel* o'sh' country, are no-
thing

thing like your old ling, and your *Isbels* o'th court :
the brain of my *Cupid's* knock'd out, and I begin to
love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here ?

Clo. In that you have there.

[*Emit.*

Countess reads a letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-law : she hath recovered the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her ; and sworn to make the not eternal : You shall hear I am run away ? knew it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate son.

Bertram,

'This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
'To fly the favours of so good a King,
'To pluck his indignation on thy head,
'By the misprising of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between
two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter ?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some
comfort, your son will not be kill'd so soon as I thought
he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd ?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
he does ; the danger is in standing to't ; that's the loss
of men, though it be the getting of children. Here
they come will tell you more. For my part, I only
hear your son was run away.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so.

Count.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, gentlemen,
I've felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me unto't. Where is my son?

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of *Flo-*
rence.

We met him thitherward, from thence we came;
And after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam, here's my pass-
port.

*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never
shall come off, and she be me a child begotten of thy body
that I am father to, then call me husband: But in
such a Then I write a Never.*

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, and, for the contents sake, are
sorry for your pains.

Count. I pr'y thee, lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engross'st all the griefs as thine,
Thou robbest me of a moiety: he was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child. Towards *Florence* is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and believe't
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

[*Reading,*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand happily which
his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France* until we have no wife?
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a lord,

That

thing like your old ling, and your *Isbels* ot'h court:
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Count. Find you that there?

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1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand happily which
his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in *France* until we have no wife?
There's nothing here that is too good for him
But only she, and she deserves a lord,

That

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

1 *Gen.* A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gen.* Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, full of wickedness:
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

1 *Gen.* Indeed, good lady, the fellow has a deal of that
too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. You're welcome, gentlemen; I will intreat you,
when you see my son, to tell him that his sword can never
win the honour that he loses: more I'll intreat you
written to bear along.

2 *Gen.* We serve you, madam, in that and all your
worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?

[*Ex. Count and Gentlemen.*]

Hel. *'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.*

Nothing in *France* until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, *Roussillon*, none in *France*,

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none-sparing war? and is it I,

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

Fly with false aim, move the still-piercing air

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord:

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there.

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;

And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected. Better 'twere

I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd

With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, *Roussillon*,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angel's offic'd all; I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight
To console thine ear. Come night and day,
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.]

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, drum and
trumpets, soldiers, Parolles.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th' extreame edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosp'rous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress.

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put my self into thy file;
Make be but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, a hater of love. [Exeunt.]

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

*I am St. Jaques's pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
Thou bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war.
My dearest master, your dear son, may live;*

Bless

*Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
 His name with zealous favour sanctifie.
 His taken labours bid him me forgive,
 I his despightful Juno sent him forth
 From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
 He is too good and fair for death and me,
 Whom I my self embrace, to set him free.*

Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
 As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon, madam,
 If I had given you this at over-night
 She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet she writes
 Pursuit will be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heav'n delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice. Write, write, *Rynaldo*,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife;
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
 Tho' little do he feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger;
 When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return and hope I may that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love. Which of them both,
 Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
 To make distinction; provide this messenger;
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak,
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

*Enter an old widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and,
 Mariana with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come. For if they do approach the city,
 We

we shall lose all the sight.

D. a. They say the *French* Count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. We have lost our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice our selves with the report of it. Well, *Diana*, take heed of this *French* Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy officer, he is in those suggestions for the young Earl; beware of them *Diana*; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust are not the things they go under; many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terribly shews in the wreck of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not to advise you further, but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, tho' there were no further danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena disguised like a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so. Look here comes a pilgrim; I know she will lye at my house; thither they send one another; I'll question her: God save you pilgrim, whither are you bound?

Hel. To *S. Jaques le grand*. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the *St. Francis* here beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? *[A march afar off.]*

Wid. Ay, marry is't. Hark you, they come this way.

If

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;

The rather, for I think I know your hostess

As ample as my self.

Hel. Is it your self?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a country-man of yours,
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Roussillon* : know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the ear that hears most nobly of him ;
His face I know not,

Dia. Whatso'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from *France*,
As 'tis reported ; for the King had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay surely, meer the truth, I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the Count
Reports but coursfely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parolles*.

Hel. Oh I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Ah, poor lady !

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. Ah ! right good creature ! wherefoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly ; this young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the am'rous Count sollicites her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid.

Wid. He does indeed,
And brokes with all than can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.

Mar. The Gods forbid else.

Wid. So now they come :
That is *Antonio*, the Duke's eldest son ;
That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the *Frenchman* ?

Dia. He ;
That with the plume ; 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife : if he were honest.
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsome gentle-
man ?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he is not honest ; yond's that same
knave
That leads him to these places ; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he ?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs. Why is he me-
lancholy ?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battel.

Par. Lose our drum ! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something. Look he has
spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you. [Exeunt. Ber. Par. &c.]

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier.

Wid. The troop is past : come pilgrim ; I will bring
you

Where you shall host : of injoynd penitents
There's four or five, to great *St. Jaques* bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you :
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me : and to requite you further,

I will

I will bestow some precepts on this virgin

Worthy the note

Ber. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord, put to him to't : let him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceiv'd in him.

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman ; he's a most notable coward and, infinite and endless liar, and hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum ; which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of *Florentines*, will suddenly surprize him ; such I will have, whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy : we will bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguor of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents ; be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum ; he says he has a stratagem for't ; when
your

your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted, if you give him not *John Drum's* entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition,

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum so lost! there was excellent command! to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that *Cæsar* himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum, but it is not to be recover'd.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or his jacket.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, Monsieur; if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on, I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

C

Par.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will presently pen down my dilemma's, encourage my self in my certainty, put my self into my mortal preparation; and by midnight look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt, I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee; farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [Exit.

1 Lord. No more than a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do it, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

2 Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you think he will make no deed at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 Lord. None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies; but we have almost imboss'd him, you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we catch him. He was first smok'd by the old lord *Lafew*; when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

2 Lord. I must go and look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

2 Lord. As't please your lordship. I'll leave you.

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you.

The

The last I spoke of.

1 Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i'th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which she did resend;
And this is all I've done: she's a fair creature;
Will you go see her?

1 Lord. With all my heart, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further.
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my estate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these busineffes,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First give me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy you your friendly help thus far.
Which I will over-pay and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolves to carry her; let her consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now his importunate blood will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the Count does wear
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents,
Since the first father wore it, This rings he holds

In most rich choice ; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented' after.

Wid. Now I see the bottom of your purpose.

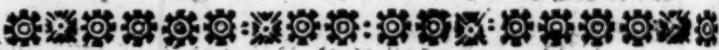
Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more.
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her self most chaste'ly absent : after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded :

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us
To chide him from our eyes, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to-night

Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed ;
And lawful meaning in a lawful act,
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.
But let's about it.



Continues in Florence.

*Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers
in ambush.*

Lord. **H**E can come no other way but by this hedge-
corner ; when you fall upon him, speak
what terrible language you will, though you understand
it not your selves, no matter ; for we must not seem to
understand him, unless one amongst us, whom we must
produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? Knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linzie-woolsie hast thou to speak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers if th' adversaries enter ainmen. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: cough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick. But cough, ho, here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter Par. lles.

Par. Ten a clock; within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? it must be a very plausible invention that carries it. They begin to smother me, and disgrace have of late knock'd too often at my door; I find my tongue is too fool-hardy, but my heart hath the fear of *Mari* before it and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

[Aside.]

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my self some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit; yet slight ones will not carry it. They will say, came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the instance? tongue, I must put you into a butterwoman's mouth, and buy my self another of *Bajazet's* mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

Lord. Is it possible she should know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aside.*]

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn, or the breaking of my *Spanish* sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or the bearing of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my cloaths, and say I was stript.

Lord. Hardly serve. [*Aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window of the citadel.

Lord. How deep? [*Aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. [*Aside.*]

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemies, I would swear I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon. [*Aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemies. [*Alarm within.*]

Lord. *Tiraco morousus, cargo, cargo, cargo,*

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. O ransom, ransom: do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

Inter. Baskos thromaldo beskos.

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here *German*, or *Dane*, low *Dutch*,
Italian, or *French*, let him speak to me,
I'll discover that which shall undo the *Florentine*.

Inter. Baskos vauuado, I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue, *Kerelybonta*, Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

*Int. Oh! pray, pray, pray,
Mancha ravancha dulce.*

Lord. Osceor'bi dulchos voli vorco.

Int. The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform

Something

Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,

And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew;

Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that

Which you will wonder at

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit.*

[*A short alarm within.*

Lor. Go, tell the Count *Rouillon* and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him mis-
fled

'Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto our selves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep them dark and safely lockt.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontibell*.

Dia. No, my good lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled goddess,

And worth it with addition! but, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead you should be such a one

As you are now, for you are cold and stern;

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No.

My mother did but duty, such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that;

I pr'ythee do not strive against my vows:

I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us
'Till we serve you: But when we have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick our selves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true;
What is not holy that we swear not by.
But take the high it to witness: Then pray tell me,
If I should swear by *Jove's* great attribute
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd,
At least in opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not so holy cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thy self unto my sick desires,
Which then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see that men make hopes in such affairs
That we'll forsake our selves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy 'th' world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring,
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy 'th' world
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom

Brings

Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring.

My house, my honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
window ;

I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me :

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them.

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd ;

And on your finger, in the night, I'll put

Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,

May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu 'till then, then fail not : You have won

A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.

Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.

[Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me
You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,

As if she fate in's heart ; she says, all men

Have the like oaths : He had sworn to marry me

When his wife's dead : Therefore I'll lye with him

When I am buried. Since *Frenchmen* are so braid,

Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid ;

Only in this disguise, I think't no sin

To cozen him that would unjustly win.

[Exit.]

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter ?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour since ; there is
something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it
he chang'd almost into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy to blame laid upon him
for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting
displeasure of the King, who had even run'd his bounty

to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchast composition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are our selves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Meerly our own traitors; and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, 'till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility in his proper stream, o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not 'till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set his counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him 'till he come: for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will count *Rousillon* do then? will he travel higher, or return again into *France*?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir, so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to *St. Jaques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with a most austere sanctimony,

sanctimony, she accomplish'd; and there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her story true, even to the point of her death; her death it self (which could not be her office to say is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now! where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street, Sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: His lordship will next morning for *France*. The Duke hath offer'd him letters of commendations to the King.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness: Hee's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businessses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success; I have congied

cengied with the Duke; done my adieu with his nearest ; buried a wife, mourn'd for her ; writ to my lady mother, I am returning ; entertain'd my convey ; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs : The last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? come, bring forth this counterfeit module ; h'as deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

2 Lord. Bring him forth ; h'as fate in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heels have deserv'd it in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already : The stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk, he hath confest himself to *Morgan*, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th' stocks ; and what think you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face ; if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Enter Parolles with his interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled ! he can say nothing of me ; hush.

1 Lord. Hoodman comes : *Portet artarossa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures ; what will you say with out 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint ; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

Int. *Besko Chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int.

Int. You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you but of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live, none.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable; the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do, I'll take the sacrament on't; how and which way you will: All's one to me.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this?

1 *Lord.* Y^e are deceiv'd, my Lord, this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, that was his own phrase, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean, nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I said, I will say true or thereabouts set down, for I'll speak truth.

1. *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir, a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what strength they are afoot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, I were to live this present hour I will tell you true: Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred and fifty, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many; *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowick*, and *Gratii*, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred and fifty each; so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand pole, half of the which dare not shake

62 *All's well that Ends well.*

shake the Snow from off their cassock, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one captain *Dumain* be i'th camp, a *Frenchman*; what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or, whether he thinks it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the Interrogatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this captain *Dumain*?

Par. I know him, he was a butcher's prentice in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the sheriff's fool with child, a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, tho' I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this captain in the Duke of *Florence's* camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowlie.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me, we shall hear of your lordship anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me the other day to turn him out o'th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

2 Lord. Excellently.

Int. *Dian; the Count's a fool, and full of gold.*

Par.

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is, an advertisement to a proper maid in *Florence*, one *Diana*, to take heed of the allurement of one Count *Rosillow*, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very ruttish. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both sides rogue.

Interpreter reads the letter.

When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made, match and well make it:

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before.

And say a soldier (Dian) told thee this:

Men are to mell with, boys are but to kiss.

For count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it.

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

1 Lord. This is your devoted friend, Sir, the manifold linguist, and the arm-potent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any case; not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i'th' stocks, any where so I may live.

Int. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore once more to this captain *Dumain*: You have

have answer'd to reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is honesty?

Par. He will steal, Sir, an egg out of a cloister: For rapes and ravishments he parallels *Nessus*. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than *Hercules*. He will be, Sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, Sir, of this honesty, he is every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, Sir, has led the drum before the *English* tragedians: To belie him I will not, and more of his soldieriship I knew not, except in that country, he had the honour of to be the officer at a place there call'd *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villain'd villany so far that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *Quart-d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his brother, the other captain *Dumson*?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o'th' same nest, not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother

brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey ; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be sav'd, will you undertake to betray the *Florentine* ?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count *Roussillon*.

Int. I'll whisper with the general and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums ; only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile to supposition of that lascivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger ; yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken. [*Aside.*]

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you must die ; the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O lord, Sir, let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*]

So, look about you ; know you any here ?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 Lord. God bless you, captain *Parolles*.

1 Lord. God save you, noble captain.

2 Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew* ? I am for *France*.

1 Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalf of the Count *Roussillon* ? if I were not a very coward, I d compel t of you ; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*]

Int. You are undone, captain, all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot ?

Int. If you could find out a country where but women were that had receiv'd so much shame, you might

begin

begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speak of you there. [Exit.]

Par. Yet I am thankful: If my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain, I'll be no more,
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust sword, cool blushes, and *Parolles* live
Safest in shame; being fool'd by foolery thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [Exit.]

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you.

One of the greatest in the christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a desired office
Dear almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flinty *Tartars* bosom would peep forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at *Marseilles*, to which place
We have convenient convoy; you must know
I am supposed dead; the army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heaven aiding
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heav'n
Hath brought me up to your daughter's dowry,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles

Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter. You *Diana*,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp: We must away,
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
All's well that ends well, still that finds the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [Exeunt.]

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a snip
tassata fellow there, whose villainous saffron would
have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a na-
tion in his colour. Your daughter-in-law had been alive
at this hour, and your son here at home more ad-
van'd by the King than by that red-nis'd humble-bee I
speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him, it was the
death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever na-
ture had praise for creating; if she had partaken of my
flesh, and cost me the dearest joys of a mother, I
could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We
may pick a thousand fallers ere we light on such another
herb.

Glo. Indeed, Sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the
sallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they are
nose-herbs.

Glo. I am no great *Nebuchadnezzar*, Sir, I have not
much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thy self, a knave or
a fool? *Glo.*

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a Womans Service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I could cozen the man of his wife. and do his service.

Laf. So you are a knave at his Service indeed.

Clo. And I would give his Wife my bauble, Sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a Prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that a *Frenchman*?

Clo. Faith, Sir, he has an *English* name, out his phisnomy is more hotter in *France* than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black Prince, *alias*, the Prince of darkness, *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse; I give thee not this to seduce thee from thy master thou talk'st of, serve him still.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the World, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowry way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a weary of thee, and I tell thee so before, be cause I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they shall be jades tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature.

[Exit.]

Laf. A shrew'd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone, made himself

self much sport out of him ; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his saw-ciness ; and indeed he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss ; and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the King my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter ; which in the minority of them both, his Majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose ; his Highness hath promis'd me to do it ; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it ?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily affected.

Laf. His Highness comes post from *Marseilles*, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty ; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night : I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me 'till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter ; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter Clown.

Cl. O madam, yonder's my lord your son, with a patch of velvet on's face ; whether there be a scar under it or no the velvet knows, but 'tis goodly patch of velvet ; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half but his right cheek is worn bare.

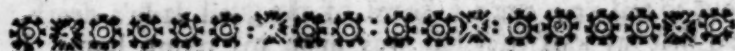
Count. A scar hobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour. So belike is that.

Cl. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf.

Laf. Let us go see your Son, I pray you : I long to talk with the young noble soldier

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two attendants.

Helena. **B**UT this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low ; we cannot help
it.

But since you've made the days and nights as one
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time.

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power. God save you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of *France*.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness ;
And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions ;
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the King,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent.

Gent. The King's not here.

Hel. Not here, Sir!

Gent. Not, indeed.

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Tho' time seems so adverse, and means unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Roussillon,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I beseech you, Sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand,
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with that good speed.
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find your self to be well thank'd
What-e'er falls more. We must to horse again.
Go, go, provide. [Exeunt.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. Lewatch, give my lord *Lafew* this letter.
I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I
have held familiarity with fresher cloaths; but I am
now, Sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell some-
what strong of her strong displeasure.

Cl. Truly fortune's displeasure is but stuttish, if it
smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hence-
forth eat no fish of Fortune's butt'ring. Pry'thee, al-
low the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, Sir, I
spake but by a metaphor.

Cl. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor stink, I will
stop my nose against any man's metaphor. Pry'thee get
the further,

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Cl. Foh! pry'thee stand away; a paper from for-
tune's

tune's close-stool, to give to a nobleman ! look here he comes himself.

Enter Lafeu.

Clo. Here is a pur of fortunes, Sir, or of fortune's cat (but not a muscat ;) that hath fall'n into an unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is mud-died withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pair her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of her self is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *Quart-d'ecu* for you : let the justices make you and fortune friends ; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You may beg a single penny more : come you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox my passion, give me your hand : how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, inscooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon the knave, dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other things bring thee out. The Kings coming, I know by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you last night ; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat ; go to, follow.

Par.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two

French Lords, with attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her, our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i'th'blade of youth,
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'rbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I beg my pardon; the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himself
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd mistresses.

King. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well--call him hither.
We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: let him not ask our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
Th' incensing relics of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and inform him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gen. I shall, my liege.

King. What says he to your daughter?
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me.

D

That

That sent high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time,
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege. At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue;
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stoll'n,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object: thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou did'st love her, strikes some scores away
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender, turns a sower offence;
Crying, that's good that is gone: our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave;
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our Friends, and after weep their dust:

Our

Our own love waking, cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet *Helen's* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*,
The main consents are had, and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage day :
Which better than the first, O dear heav'n blest,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease.

Lis. Come on my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested : give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'ry hair that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,
The last she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't :
This ring was mine, and when I gave it *Helen*,
I bad her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessited to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life
I've seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Lis. I'm sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it ;
In *Florence* was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she cast

In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,

That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more sciene,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas her's, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

*King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour;
And mak'st conject'ral fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out; if it should prove
That thou art so inhuman-----'twill not prove so----
And yet I know not---thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring. Take him away.*

[Guards seize Bertram.]

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. *[Exit Bertram guarded.]*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismal thinking.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,

Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for four or five removes come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech

Of the poor suppliant, who by this I know
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importuning visage, and she told me
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with her self.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the Count Roussillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for justice: grant it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

Diana Capulet.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll for this. I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, *Lafeu*,
To bring forth this discov'ry. Seek these suitors:
Go speedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the life of *Helen* (lady)
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now justice on the doers.

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are so monstrous to you,
And that you fly them as you swear to them;
Yet you desire to wed. What woman's that!

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched *Florentine*,
Derived from the antient *Capulet*;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count; do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you shall marry me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter, you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.]

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than e'er to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

'Till your deeds gain them fairer: prove your honour
Then in my thoughts it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O behold this ring,
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: Yet for all that
He gave it to a commoner o'th' camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gemm
Conferr'd by testament to the subsequent issue,
Had it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument : his name's *Parolles*,

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him ?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o'th' world, tax'd and debosh'd,
Which nature sickens with : But to speak truth,
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has ; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i'th wanton way of youth :
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint ;
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy, and in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate : She got the ring,
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought,

Dia. I must be patient :

You that turn'd off at first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring, this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
out of a casement,

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you :
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, firrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off :
By him and by this woman here, what know you ?

Par. So please your majesty, my master, hath been
an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in
him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose ; did he love
this woman ?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her, but how !

King. How, I pray you ?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a
woman.

King. How is that ?

Par. He did love her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave ; what
an equivocal companion is this ?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-
mand.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage ?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st ?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between
them, as I said ; but more than that, he lov'd her :
For indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan,
and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what ;
yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that
I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions,
as promising her marriage, and things that would
derive me ill-will to speak of ; therefore I will not
speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou
canst say they are married : but thou art too fine in
thy evidence ; therefore stand aside. This ring, you
say, was yours ?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it ? or who gave it you ?

Dia.

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not,

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him.

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easie glove, my lord, she
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for ought I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her : And away with him.
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By *Jove*, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this
while?

Dia. Because he's guilty and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't ;
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no strumpet, by my life ;
I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife,

[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

King. She does abuse our ears : to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, royal Sir,

[*Ex. Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord, [*To Bert.*
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Tho' yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defild'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child ;
Dead tho' she be, she feels the young one kick
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter

Enter Helena and Widow.

King. Is there no exorcist
 Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
 Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord,
 'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see,
 The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both, oh pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
 I found you wond'rous kind: there is your ring,
 And look you here's your letter: That it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
 clearly.

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step between me and you.
 O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[To the Countess.]

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:
 God *Tom Drum*, lend me a handkerchief, *[To Parolles.]*
 So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make sport with
 thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

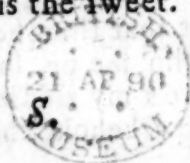
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
 To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
 If thou beest yet a fresh uncorrupted flower,

[To Diana.]

Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
 For I can guess, that by thy honest aid,
 Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.
 Of that and all the progress more or less,
 Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
 All yet seems well, and if it end so meet,
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Exeunt.]

F I N I S.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the KING.

THE King's a beggar, now the play is done :
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content ; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day ;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.



LOGUE

on the 17th

at the 17th

at the 17th

at the 17th

at the 17th

at the 17th

at the 17th



